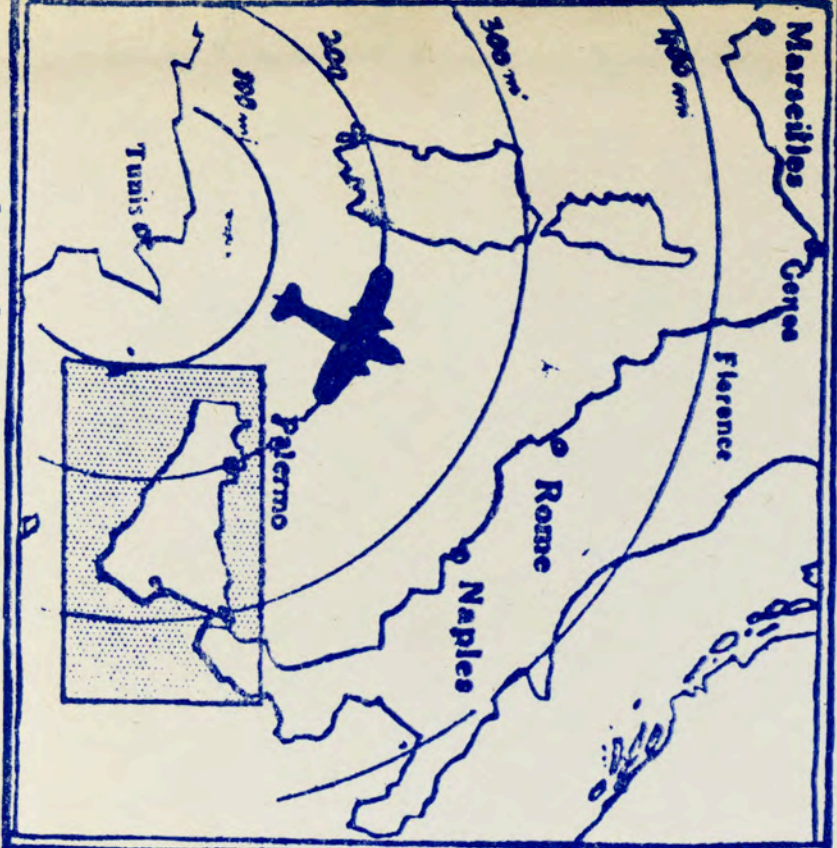


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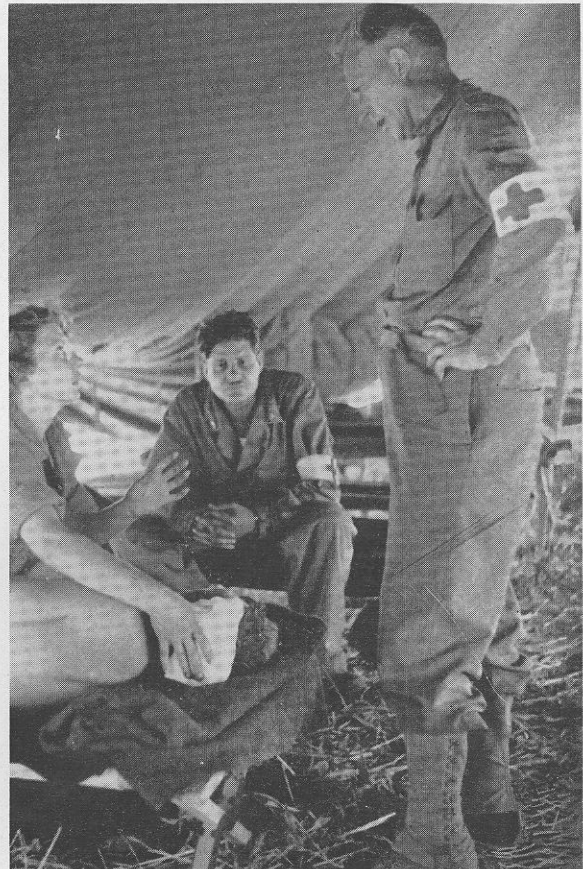
A Pilots Eye View Of Sicily

AMERICAN THRUST

BRITISH THRUST



**U. S. ARMY
Medical
Department**



Sicily

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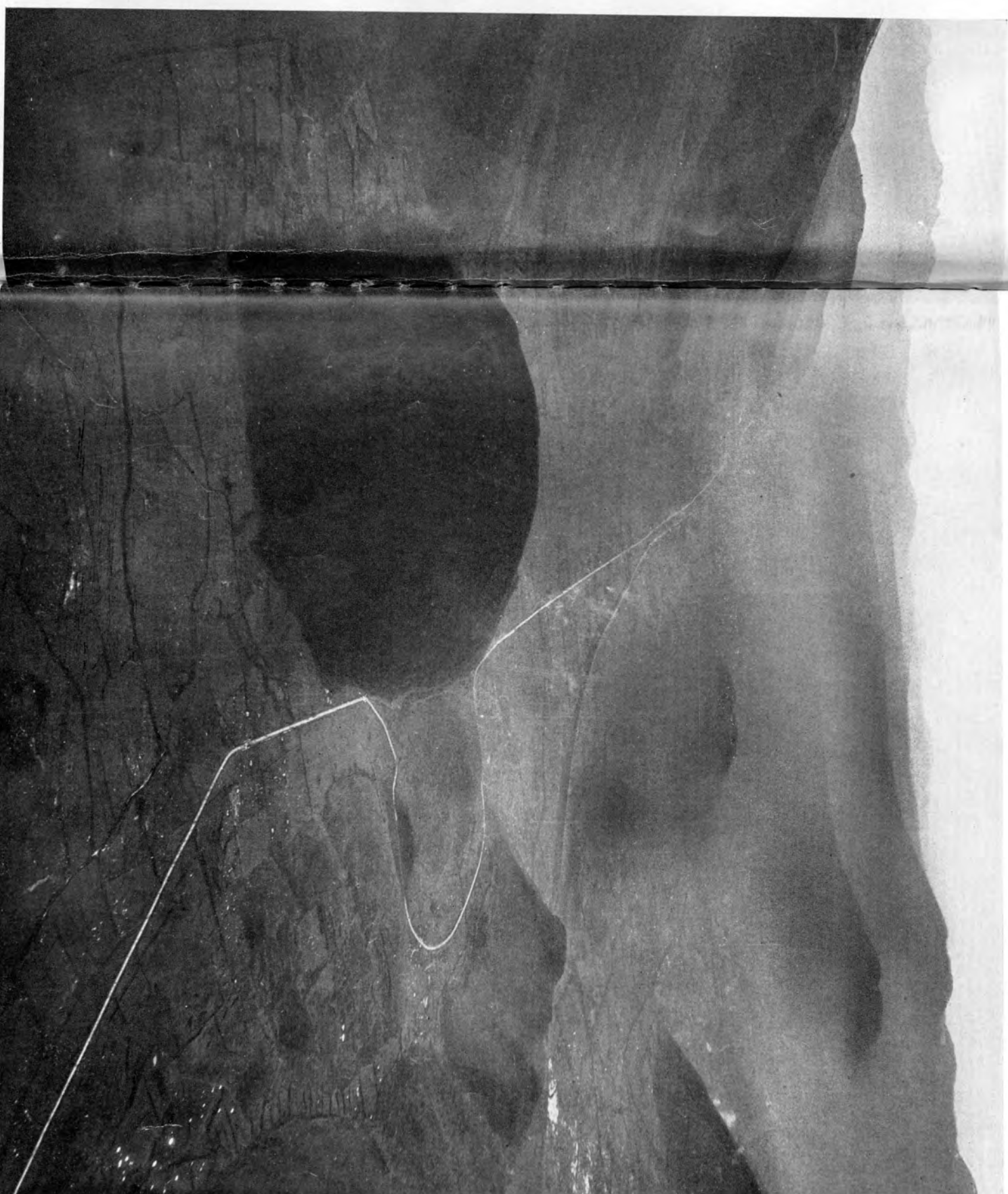
OPERATION SUCCESSFUL



The story of the 11th Field Hospital in the United States, Algeria, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy, France, Alsace, Germany, Austria

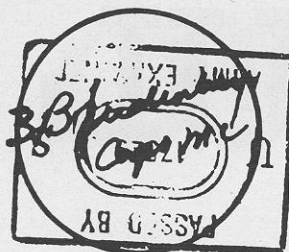
Edited by

Clifford W. Nyberg



Horseshoe Bend near Cassino and looking toward Naples.

No. _____



CENSORS STAMP

Commanding Officer
11 Field Hospital
U.S. Army

Pfc Donald J. M

SENDER'S NAME

Co 8126th Inf

SENDER'S ADDRESS

APC #1 Postmaster

New York City NY

DATE

Aug 14 1943

Sir:

I wish to tell you how thankful I am, and from the Chamber of my Heart I wish to say, that you and your staff means everything to a soldier. To have a good Army, there must be a good Medical, and that is what your staff maybe call, we should know, cause all the boys speaks and feel, of course that goes for me most of all.

PS please this is between you and me only O.K?

Pfc Donald J. M

V...-MAIL



**We dedicate this book to our
patients whose unfailing cour-
age was our inspiration**



Shock

Operating Room



Ward



Special thanks to JOHN R. BASTIAN who proof-read the material, to ROBERT L. CHAPMAN for submitting the best title, to Snapshot Finishers, Minneapolis, and Eastman Finishers, St. Paul, for photographic assistance, to the Office of War Information, to the below listed persons and services for pictures and other materials, and to all those who gave us permission to use material, but which we could not use for the lack of space.

Credits

Insignia by Walt Disney
Page:

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2. Signal Corps
3. Life Magazine
Margaret Bourke-White
5. Signal Corps
6. Signal Corps
7. Life and MB-W
15. Associated Press
17. AP
Yank map by Baird
19. Life and MB-W
22. Sanborn Photos
23. Life and MB-W
24. Signal Corps
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80. Stars and Stripes



Climbing Table Top Mountain in Oregon

The Tour of the 11th

Camp White, Oregon

What is a field hospital? We all asked that question when we discovered we were to be part of one, but during our entire stay in the States we were never given a suitable answer, not even from the War Department. Not knowing what we were to do overseas, we simply took what we might call advanced basic training in Camp White and Camp Carson, or that type of our training which consisted mostly of, "Don't you know your left foot from your right, soldier?"

Camp White, a newly constructed camp on the Agate desert in Oregon, was the point of our beginning, being activated there on 15 August 1942. It will never take much effort to recall events at that camp.

Our arrival in various conditions of spirits or under the influence thereof was dismal enough, and we never quite recovered under the stress and strain of picking up rocks and nails. The rocks presented quite a problem. We picked them up and piled them neatly in one spot, only to move the pile to another spot later on. Eventually, we got the rocks out of the area, and then proceeded to haul them back to dam the floods when the rains came.

Naturally, we landscaped our area. We made walks, planted trees and designed quite a decoration for the roadside. We became quite adept at landscaping, so the camp surgeon invited us to decorate his area. We did.

Our overseer during many of these operations was General Gerhardt, who popped up on his white horse at the most inopportune times, usually when we were resting in the shade of the barracks. After all, we needed rest. Those rocks were heavy and the sun was hot. We ate enough salt to make us pillars of salt without looking back as Lot's wife did.

Mealtime was a very interesting affair during the time we ate at the 17th Hospital Center. During this fatal period, NCOs were fascinated by the manœuvre called "To the rear, march." To walk the four blocks to the mess hall, we would actually walk eight, and be late for chow every-time.

We had other drill hours, too, and performed such fanciful steps as the Marine Drill. To an outsider who did not under-

stand, we must have looked as if we were doing the Virginia Reel. Other times we tried to combine calisthenics with drill, for instance climbing over 6x6 cabs or up the walls of barracks.

Eventually we got down to having a schedule. One thing the schedule always called for was litter drill. In the heat of the sun or in a downpour of rain, the cry of "Raise litter. Lower litter." could be heard for miles around. On the schedule there was always road marches, mainly because it looked good in higher headquarters. So, we would march to the edge of the Rouge River and sit or fish the four hours out. Other times we were a little more ambitious and crawled up Table Top Mountain. On 29 October, we started for the House of Mystery and kept on marching until our mess trucks caught up with us at noon, fed us and carried us the rest of the way there and back. On the 21st and 22nd of the same month we went on a two-day bivouac in an old CCC camp. Cold, wasn't it?

Convoys were scheduled, too. About 20 September, we went to Crater Lake. "It isn't going to be cold," said the ones who should know, so we went without heavy clothing. Half way there, we were frozen, but it was worth it once the sun came out and we warmed enough to appreciate the beauty of the lake. There was also many a black-out convoy for the benefit of the drivers, as on the 8th and 9th of October.

We heard lectures by the score, a rehash of what we had heard before. They were good only for sleeping.

With none of our equipment coming in, we tried to be serious about laying out a model field hospital. We laid rocks in the area between the post theater and exchange to give us an idea of a hospital set-up. When the equipment began to arrive about 10 September, we started to get acquainted with it. Shortly after the arrival of the equipment, we were alerted for movement to CBI. No passes or furloughs were given out at the time. Finally, three-hour passes were given out on the condition that all men call in hourly to find out if further orders had been received. We didn't mind the restriction. We seldom left the camp anyway because Medford offered little recreation and the bus service was bad. Besides, the theater and the post ex-

change were right across the street from the area. Then, of course, there was the football team called the Little Butte Bears, volleyball and baseball.

The equipment checked, we started to pack and crate it, a twenty-four hour job that lasted for days. Suddenly the alert for CBI was cancelled because we were short of both men and equipment, but orders did come through for movement to Camp Carson, Colorado. The movement was announced to the men one evening at 2030 when a bed check was taken. Everyone had known it for days.

The train ride to Carson had its amusing side especially for the civilians at our exercising points along the way. We still remember an NCO bringing out the Guidon and starting to unfurl it much to the dismay of the commanding officer on this super-secret journey.

Camp Carson, Colorado

Our initial training behind us, we pulled into Carson with our fourteen freight cars of equipment but minus our red, white and blue air corps rocks.

Camp Carson was a great change from Camp White. The dull brown of the buildings at White gave away to the cream colored buildings of Carson, the rains stopped for the sun, the no-wash window edict of White gave away to the weekly washing details of Carson, and the dull monotonous life gave way to something new and interesting, especially the night life.

Training was begun as soon as we became acclimated to the high altitude, but training is almost forgotten now as we remember our off-the-record activities. Colorado Springs was a friendly town set in a beautiful location. All we have to do now is mention names of places and a flood of memories come back: Village Inn, Wagon Wheel, Antler's Hotel, Broadmoor Hotel, Garden of the Gods, Will Rogers Shrine, Walk's Barbeque, the Zoo, Cave of the Winds, Brooklyn Spagetti House, Blue Spruce, Chief Theater and the Eldorado. It will be a long time before we forget the shrimp, skating, hotel parties, horseback riding, hikes, scenery and general good times. Remembered too is our Christmas dinner, White Christmas, Service Club dances and the convoys to Cripple Creek and Royal Gorge.

But we worked, too. Most of us took training in the station hospital. We had our litter drills, calisthenics, lectures, night marches in the snow, day marches in the mud, unit bivouacs and unit set-ups. We set up tents for the first time and they proved to be quite a problem. We practiced loading and unloading trucks and conveying.

Once a week we had inspection, white gloves and all. For the best barracks, a wooden plaque was awarded. A Platoon won it most often followed by B and C, C Platoon having secretly voted to go to town Friday nights instead of sweating over the mop and brass. All platoons shared the inconvenience of being quarantined for measles.

Equipment continued to come in and had to be checked and finally crated and numbered 1254H, another 24 hour job.

With the arrival of the nurses and the last of the officers and men, we knew that we would soon be going overseas. Records were gone over, equipment was checked for the last time and the organization was inspected by the Camp Inspector and Inspector General from Washington D. C., on the 29th and 31st of March and the 1st of April 1943. We were graded excellent.

On 19 March, and with our clothing properly marked, the 11th with a strength of 16 officers, 17 nurses and 196 enlisted men boarded a train for an unknown destination on the east coast.

There was and is much to remember about Carson, not the least being the Chanoak wind that caused so much excitement. Each one of the men had his own experiences but all remember the fire, the flying sand, breaking windows, falling chimneys, wearing gas masks and helmets, especially the NCO wearing only long johns, gas mask, pistol belt and helmet screaming for everyone to remain calm, the cat, beribboned and belled, nonchalant about the whole thing as we all crowded into the day room.

Camp Kilmer, New Jersey

Camp Kilmer, after eating our first meal there with our fingers, was a rush of shots, final clothing checks, drawing new equipment, finishing the job of marking our clothing and practicing embarking. The highlight of the Kilmer encampment was the

physical for overseas duty. Open your mouth, bend over, cough and you were on your way to the gangplank. Another highlight was the air raid when a certain non-com put on a good show. With general preparedness over, we visited New York City and New Brunswick's Elks' Club.

On the evening of 29 April we were alerted and at 2330 we left the barracks with our B Bags, our A Bags having gone ahead. We marched to the train weighed down with equipment and B Bag. We loaded on the overcrowded, blacked-out train and moved out toward Staten Island. There we boarded the ferry, still lugging the B Bags which got heavier with every step. A few of us got seasick on the ferry. As we got off the ferry, we gave up all attempts to carry our bags and dragged them behind us. The Red Cross gave us coffee, doughnuts and candy. If we had known what was ahead of us we would have stuffed our pockets with the doughnuts and candy. At the gangplank someone yelled out our last name and we shouted back with our first name and middle initial. Previously, we had been instructed to run up the gangplank but we were lucky to be able to drag ourselves up it. We were on our way, little realizing how far and long the journey ahead was to be.

S. S. Evangeline

The ship slipped out one morning in the fog. We didn't see the Statue of Liberty as we had wanted to do. We joined the rest of the convoy by moving into coffin corner, our ship supposedly one of the swiftest and best armed ships in the convoy. From the beginning, we heard the loudspeaker, "This is the Master," giving out with instructions. The Master controlled quite a ship. We were crowded and the food was bad enough without having the bewhiskered gent at the head of the chow line ordering us around. Pastimes were few: Comparing the officers' and enlisted men's menus, reading, playing cards, singing "Little Church in the Wildwood," and being seasick. The atabrine, the smell of the mess hall and the rough seas made the cruise enjoyable with our helmets serving their first wartime use as a bucket if we knew we couldn't make the latrine in time. The boat and fire drills helped pass the time. Rumors of subs were prevalent all the way

across and a few depth charges were actually dropped. Some of us still remember the fire extinguisher that fell off its hook during rough seas and sounded as if the ship had been hit by a torpedo and water was pouring in. It didn't take us long to grab our equipment and head for the deck.

It was a great day when we saw sea gulls. We knew we were near land, and so we were. We passed the Rock of Gibraltar in the dusk of evening and the next day sailed into the harbor of Oran.

Africa

Africa seen from the tourists' eyes was far different from what we had expected. What we expected was blowing sands, Sphinx, camels, and heat; what we found was modern buildings, green, irrigated fields and heat. We were green when we landed that May day. We thought all those V for Victory signs and cheers were a sign of welcome. We threw cigarettes by the packful to the screaming Arabs. Later we were to discover that it was only a welcome so far as getting more cigarettes and bonbons out of the extravagant Americans.

The ride through Oran was admittedly interesting and spine chilling, but the spines warmed up in a hurry as we walked around in the dark MBS staging area trying to locate our spot. No one seemed to know where we were to light but eventually we did settle down on a rock heap called Arab Hill or Goat Hill or Agony Hill or other less printable names. We ate our first can of C Ration. "Pretty good," we thought. Shortly after we rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down to sleep. Even the rocks felt soft, we were so tired. We were almost asleep when someone cried, "The officers have no blankets. Would you guys lend them some of yours," That cry went from one end of the area to the other before the officers were bedded down. We all slept well the first night (it says here).

The next day guard and KP rosters came out and supply details began to go to the docks in Oran and Mers El Kebir to pick up our supplies. When all the supplies were in we were allowed passes into Oran where we learned that suntans had a peculiar effect on the minds and fists of the 1st Division boys just back from Tunisia. We learned the antics of the shoeshine boys, the waiters

at the Hotel Continental, the winking eyes of the veiled, untouchable (says our guide book) beautiful women, Arabs sleeping in gutters or wherever and whenever the inclination came upon them. And it didn't seem conceivable that a city so beautiful from the distance could smell so bad, but it did.

Three unforgettable incidents on Arab Hill were the lectures we received concerning the eating of vegetables from Arab gardens reportedly strangely fertilized, the air raid on Oran when we first sighted war and were a little flustered by it—no ranks excluded, and the action that ensued every-time we used the Quartermaster latrines.

Arab Hill generally won't be forgotten because of the dust and wind, intense heat of day and cold of night, guard in twos so if one guard was knifed by the Arabs the other could cry for help, the rocks and the bugs.

To ward off the heat we did go swimming almost daily at Kristel via St. Cloud or took a shower a mile away to walk back and be just as hot and dirty as if we hadn't gone at all.

Port aux Poules had its disadvantages. As we remember, it had only one advantage: Swimming whenever we wanted was a distinct pleasure after the six o'clock swimming order was rescinded because no officer could be found who would take the chilly dip with us. The disadvantages were numerous: Millions of mosquitos, heat and dust, dysentery and malaria which no one could recognize, let alone counter attack thereby laying low half the company.

Port aux Poules was more or less our big staging area for Sicily. There we uncrate all our equipment and checked it. The big sterilizers never did work. Surgical linen was wrapped and repacked in large containers. The equipment was divided among the units. While all that was going on, rumors flew night and day aggravated by the orders to learn how to swim, the exhibition of warfare and assault landings, the lecture on what we were to expect.

Leaving Unit III and the nurses behind, the organization sailed for Algiers to bivouac nearby spending most of the time combat loading the vehicles. It was a lengthy process whereby trucks were unloaded and loaded several times to fit the various ship openings. With the trucks loaded on

the boats, about 23 and 24 June, there wasn't much to do but walk around the countryside, go swimming, visit the local bars, or go on pass to Algiers. Unit III spent their time at Port aux Poules doing the same thing.

Again the organization, less Unit III and nurses, moved by ship to Tunisia. Debarking, we walked quite some distance through the town and beyond before meeting the British trucks that took us to the staging area. Those in Headquarters and Units I and II will never forget that area. Morale was at its lowest and there was not a single pleasure attached to the camp. Food was bad when there was any at all, water wasn't fit for dogs, although all the dogs in the neighborhood seemed to think so, cigarettes were nonexistent and we stooped to picking up butts. We had to dig unnecessary slit trenches and march in the driving heat because we were bad boys. We had to pull guard in such numbers that we could hold hands around the entire area, and then there was the nonsense that technicians and noncoms had to live apart. The night sounds of air raids and wailing of the drunken Arabs to the tune of their eerie-sounding, three-stringed instruments did little to alleviate the situation. Meanwhile, Unit III which had also sailed to Tunisia was getting passes in a nearby area.

Walking back to the harbor, we boarded our ship a disconsolate lot with visions of being dead within the next few days. Little did we know how close to it we were to come on the beaches of Sicily. We washed off the dirt of Tunisia by swimming off the ramp of the LST. The doors finally closed, and we sailed for Sicily. Unit III joined the convoy from another port.

Sicily

Except for the few men and officers who landed on the beach near Licata on the morning of D Day, Unit III remained aboard ship to sweat out the diving Jerry planes. The rest of the organization disembarked on D Day to come under fire for the first time. It was an unforgettable two days lying there on the beach watching the infantry run ashore ready to kill Germans but finding only American medics, looking for bridge and poker players on D Day, having a Jerry plane sweep out of the morning sun

on D plus 1 to strafe and bomb as we hid behind TNT boxes and wrecked Higgins Boats, standing on land mines with no ill effects. One of the most humorous incidents happened on the evening of D Day. We were lying on the sand watching the LST disgorge its cargo when an officer ran up to our group, "What outfit are you guys?" "The 11th Field." "Thank God, at last I've found you. We really need you. Where are your guns?" "Guns! We're the 11th Field Hospital." The officer groaned, "My God, they're just unloading the infantry." He dashed off into the darkness as we rolled into our holes for the night.

The movement inland on D plus 1 was the first time we saw war dead: the fifteen Italians scattered around a poor excuse for a pillbox and the American with the waves breaking over his feet half covering them with sand. Near the dead American lay an apple on the water's edge leisurely moving as the waves slapped its sides. We passed the twisted burning LST and wondered how many had died. Death for the first time seemed close to us and the feeling never left us during our entire overseas service.

The movement inland was under continuous fire because the Jerries were making an all-out effort to knock out the invasion fleet that morning. With the rat-tat-tat and zooming of Jerry planes together with the shrapnel from American ack-ack slicing the air we had our first experience of concentrated fire. Those of us in the advance party clawed the ground in a vineyard praying we'd come through. Our advance party got through safely to the new area with a piece of shrapnel ripping the truck fender the only casualty. But across the road a few scant yards away, two Americans lay newly dead, one with shrapnel going through his helmet into his head.

Our follow-up party clawed the dirt on the beach or dived into the nearby shell holes to come through safely.

Safely in our area, we dug our holes immediately and didn't venture far from them. In the afternoon the Jerries came again barely skimming the ground. One passed directly over our area with guns blazing and the pilot casually watching us scatter. The plane flew directly over the ack-ack gunner behind us. The gunner hit the plane in the belly and a few seconds later it fell

flaming into the sea. Soon after, the sun was completely blacked out when one of the ships of the invasion fleet was hit by a dive bomber. Burnt pieces of paper from the ships records landed around us as a grim reminder of the fate of the personnel aboard.

Events followed swiftly after that. We remember the soldiers beating the brush for Germans, the warning that German tanks had broken through and were heading for the beach, the drone and the lights of the transports flying overhead as our own ack-ack opened up on them. We were in and out of our holes every few minutes; they were a fine refuge in time of danger, but when it was all over we quickly got out of them, the sand and ants being too much for us.

Our trucks came off the ships. Part of one truck was burned by a German bomb. One vehicle tipped over in the water as it rolled out of the LST but very little equipment was lost or damaged.

Meanwhile, Unit III had disembarked at Licata and the rest of the organization set up a hospital in Gela. We had begun our work. The beginning was a hospital designed to receive all types of patients and continued to be until we got to Nicosia where we reorganized into a three unit surgical hospital to function with division clearing stations in division area. We functioned as such for the remainder of the campaign and gained valuable experience.

After the campaign we moved to Trapani to set up a station hospital. There, with only Unit I functioning, we had time for passes and sight-seeing tours to Erice, Trapani, Monreale and Palermo. The area itself was pleasant after Cesaro which is easily remembered for dust, malaria, dysentery, and the first place overseas that we ate fresh bread.

In the Trapani area we had melons and grapes to eat for the picking. There the Sicilians lay in the vineyard until the bugle blew and then would descend into our tents to sell us bed covers for fifty dollars or pick up our dirty clothes. "Vashi Lavori" was their battle cry. It was in this area that we first discovered how the Sicilians processed their wine, the first step being to crush the juice out of the grapes by stamping on them with their dirty feet. Too, in this area, we used many an ingenious plan to get out of

duty, the most popular being minor operations.

In Termini our final staging area in Sicily we had our dance, trips to Palermo for the opera and stage shows, Red Cross shows and the first Good Conduct medals.

Sicily we will remember for: Our first experiences under fire, frying eggs and potatoes in our mess kits, the time we started to go through the front lines at Pietraperzia but were stopped in time by an MP, the time Patton yelled to us, "Get the damn Medics out of the road and let the killers through," and as he pulled ahead, our convoy pulled up behind him to ride triumphantly into Palermo while all other vehicles stood by the side of the road. Little did Patton know the damn Medics were right behind him.

At Messina we saw the last of Sicily. It was a tragic scene of hunger and desolation. In our barbed wire enclosure we couldn't eat our supper because of those lean hungry faces peering at us in the semi-darkness. We turned our backs to them but it was to no avail—we dumped our supper into their pails.

The moon came out and we went for a walk outside the barbed wire on our last night in Sicily.

Italy

Our introduction to Italy was pleasant with our trip up the boot in ducks, but Italy was eventually to become one of the most uncomfortable phases of our overseas duty.

We soon discovered that Sunny Italy was not a fact but a slogan dreamed up by some enterprising publicity man. Rain began to fall as we set up our tents in Qualiano—and it was cold. In the Orange Grove of Capua the rains continued and it became colder. Sleeping on the ground yet keeping warm and dry was a battle of wits against the elements. Just about the time we conquered it we were given cots and ward tents. The cots were as cold as the ground until we started to use the Stars and Stripes as mattresses.

Then we went to work again in the division areas to support combat troops in the battle for Cassino. It was almost a nightly occurrence to get in your tent and try to sleep as shells whined over and back, some bursting close enough to throw dirt and shrapnel through the tents. One shell destroyed Unit III's kitchen and wounded sev-

eral of the personnel. Fate or something had that shell land about an hour before evening chow or else most of the personnel would have been killed or wounded. Another shell landed in one of the officers' tents of Unit II.

There were not only shells but land mines. Unit I moved into an area which supposedly had been cleared of mines by the engineers but as one of the trucks drove into the area, it drove over a mine and was destroyed. Fate again stepped in. The truck's passenger just got out before the incident and the driver had the door open so he was thrown clear and escaped death. The engineers came back and found mines all over the place.

The weather connived with Germans to make our work all the more difficult. On New Year's Day 1944, the winds blew down almost every tent in every unit. There was a great loss in tentage and equipment. Patients had to be sheltered in the few tents standing and in ambulances.

In the valley near Benevento (good wind) on 12 March the wind and the rain struck again and continued until the 13th flattening our station hospital. On the 25th of March the wind took over collapsing most of the hospital again. Church services were being held that morning. The sudden gust of wind snapped the poles of the mess hall and several persons attending church were injured. Both times, patients had to be evacuated to the rear and it was from this source that the rumors began to circulate about us. The rear echelon hospitals had us killed once again as they so often did when something happened to us.

Shortly we moved to Nocelleto area to break down the equipment and prepare for the spring push. In between times we killed mosquitos, cut grass, had a dance, went to shows, went swimming and went on pass to Naples. For a short time we were alerted to move to Anzio but it was cancelled to the disappointment of nobody.

On May 11, 1944, at 1815 we were assembled and told that the push would start that night at 2300. It did, and we moved rapidly following the signs "Follow the Blue to Speedy II" past the Pontine Marshes, Anzio Beach, Rome, Civitavecchia and Grosseto. Unit II was farthest north before we were called back to Tarquinia to crate our equipment for movement by ship to Naples and



eventually the south shores of France. The ship moved from Civitavecchia with most of the personnel and equipment while the trucks with the remainder of the equipment went overland.

In the Sparanise staging area, equipment was checked and prepared for the invasion before moving to a secondary staging area outside of Naples. In Qualiano three day passes were given out and daily passes to Naples were always available. Headquarters, Units I and III moved to a third staging area before embarking on their invasion ship.

So we left Italy. We were moving from the MTO to the ETO. Our greatest attachment will always be for the MTO. The war was rougher there as far as we were concerned but there were showers where we could get cleaned up and get new clothes, rest centers and there was a general feeling among the troops of the MTO that was

never matched in the ETO. The MTO was a small family while the ETO was too big a family for any sentimental attachments.

France and Alsace

The invasion of Southern France was far different from that of Sicily. It was easy. The only incident that is really remembered is the radio control bomb that was dropped on the LST on one of the 36th Division beaches. The movement through Southern France up to Alsace was swift but not without its troubles. The equipment was unloaded and it was discovered that most of the cots had been stolen aboard ship.

The entire front moving so fast caused a great shortage of gasoline, food and medical supplies. Unit I was almost given up for lost when it was left at Crest while the front had advanced almost 200 miles. The unit finally got the trucks to bring them up to the lines. Gasoline was siphoned out of

several trucks to keep one going. Food was again the ever-available C and K ration. After the first 10 days, the hospitals felt the pinch in several vital items and had to beg, borrow or steal from rear echelon hospitals. Evacuation of patients was difficult because oftentimes the evacuation hospitals were a hundred miles behind the lines making a trip to the rear with four patients a day's job.

In the rush up Southern France, the units had little trouble with enemy action. Only in Crest was the hospital in any danger, first by shelling and then by trapped Germans who tried to escape through Crest. Little did the Germans know that if they had tried as they planned they would have succeeded in their effort to break through. Between the hospital and the Germans were a few tanks, machine guns and pounds of dynamite all of which were placed in the defense of the two bridges. If the Germans had come in any numbers, they could have broken through and our area would have become a battlefield.

We were ordered to pack whatever we wished to take along with us if the order came through to retreat. Some of us went into the hills while the rest elected to remain in the area. Unit I, the only unit functioning, was being overworked by a capacity number of casualties. Those on duty remained at their work while the others were ordered to the hills. Late that night, the infantry came up. We were somewhat relieved but it was still an uneasy time.

In late September with the cold fall rains, the campaign began to slow down. Unit I was washed out by the continuous rains and was forced to move to higher ground. Unit II moved into Epinal. Unit III moved into Eloyes and was shelled there causing damage to tentage and equipment. It was the beginning of the winter stalemate. Units II and III admitted enormous numbers of patients in their respective areas especially while the Lost Battalion of the 36th Division was being rescued. Unit III, during the month October, 1944, accepted more patients than any other unit at any time during the activity of the 11th overseas. It was also during this period that the units had the greatest shortage of supplies, the most vital being oxygen.

With winter, more difficulties were encountered. Rain made the areas and roads

so soft that oftentimes roads had to be made before the trucks could get into the area and then the equipment had to be carried some distance before setting up. Eventually the units moved into buildings from resort hotels with all the modern facilities as at Le Hohwald to filthy factories as at Ban de Laveline.

Winter was the period for German counterattacks. Unit III with attached Unit II personnel was surrounded by the enemy at Ribeauville which was pounded by 420 rounds of artillery in one night. The unit was safely withdrawn. Unit II moved into the same building a few days later only to be ordered back for the same reason.

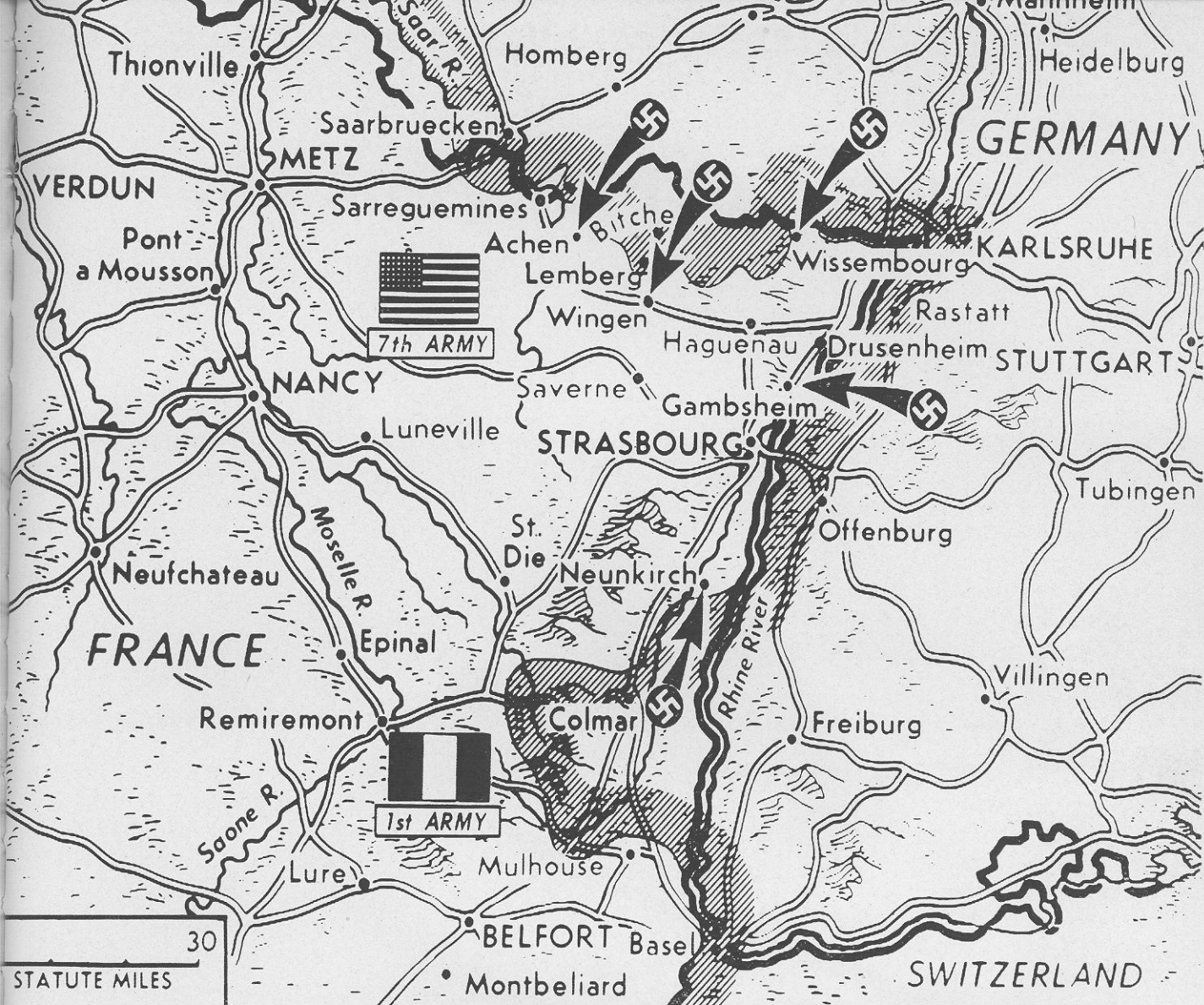
Unit III moved into Strasbourg to support the French and was withdrawn when the Germans made a counterattack and gained a beachhead across the Rhine just north of the city. Unit II which had moved to Buxwiller in the meantime was withdrawn because of enemy counterattacks. Headquarters, set up in Saverne, was shelled by a 380 MM railroad gun firing from across the Rhine. The situation stabilized late in January 1945 and remained so until 15 March when again the Allies put on a spring drive—this time into the heart of Germany.

Germany and Austria

The campaign into and through Germany to the redoubt area moved with the surprising swiftness of another Southern France. Units never stayed long in any one area before orders to move were received. It continued so until the end of the war. Unit III went the farthest south, their final set-up being in Austria.

After hostilities had ceased all the units joined at the Ammer See in Bavaria, one of the few areas overseas we regretted leaving. Shortly we moved north to Eberbach, Germany, to set up a station hospital to care for patients in the Heidelberg area. It was at Eberbach that the 11th Field Hospital ceased to be the old 11th as high-point men started to go home and low-point men to other low-point organizations.

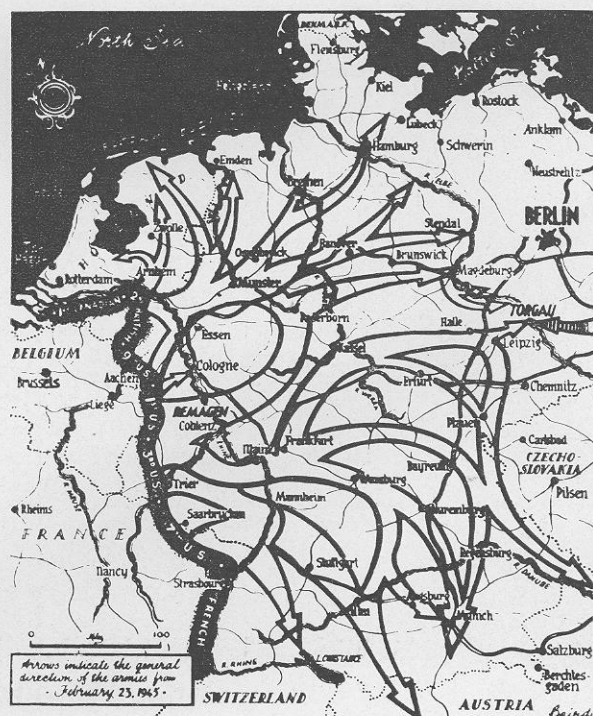
Yes, it was the end of the organization that had remained together for almost three years over many thousand miles and an equal number of experiences. The organization as a Category IV unit was going home at last. As much as we liked to go



home, we still hated to see the 11th break up. We had worked well together as a group and we had done our assigned duty under the most trying conditions.

We had many distinctions that other surgical hospitals could not claim. We were the first to act as a surgical, three unit hospital organization in divisional areas, and the new hospitals that followed, adapted many of the things we perfected. We were the only hospital in the European Theatre of Operations to be attached to a combat team for invasion, specifically being attached to the 16th combat team for the invasion of Sicily. We were the first hospital in Europe to use penicillin, the case being a patient who contacted gas gangrene after the amputation of a leg at Cesaro, Sicily.

(Continued page 80)



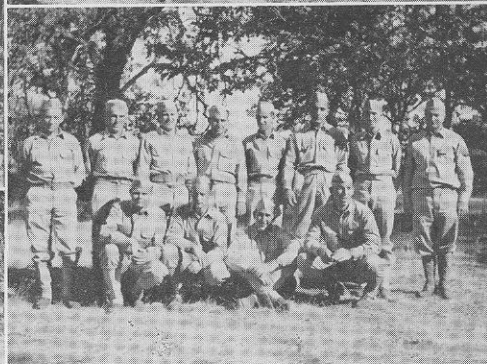
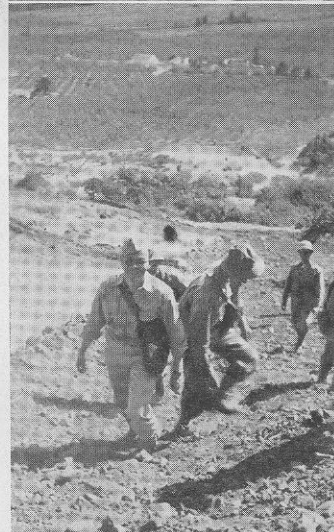


Unit I Starnberg, Germany

The Story Told in Pictures

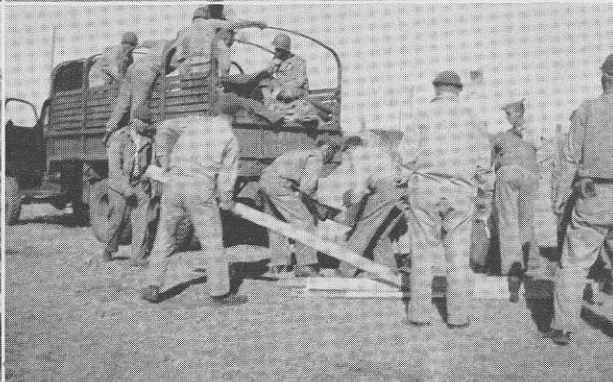


Shelling Million Dollar Hill in Italy

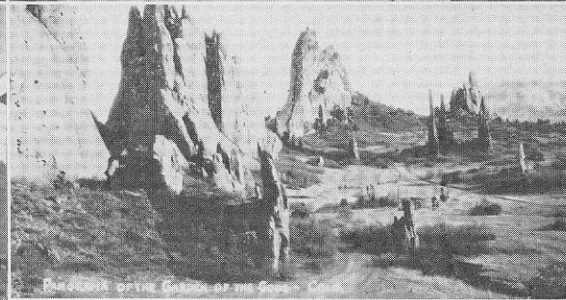
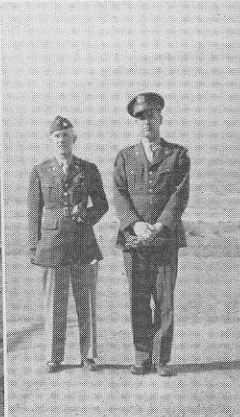
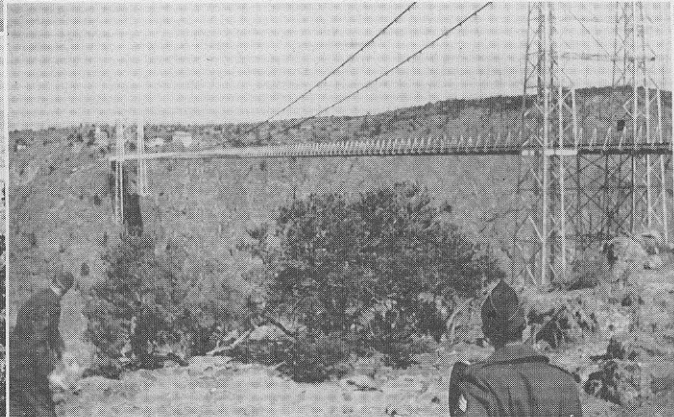
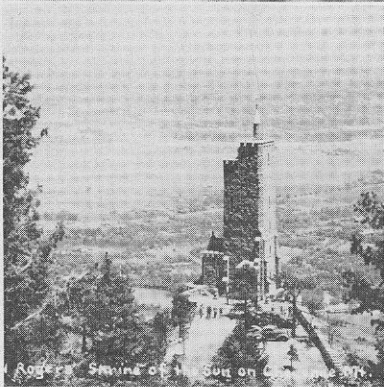
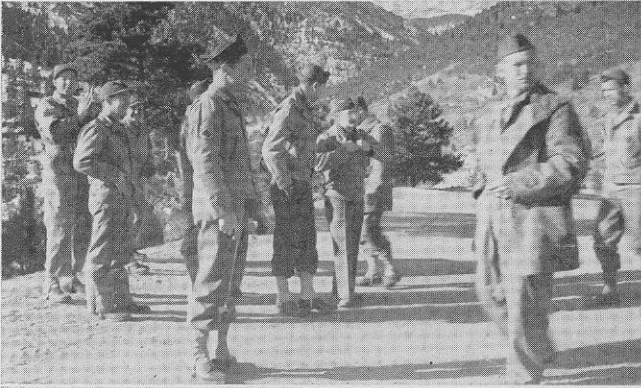


Climbing Table Top. Sanitation Problems near Rouge River.
Convoy to CCC camp.

Convoy to Crater Lake. CCC camp bivouac. Cheyenne Mountain.



Cripple Creek convoy. Royal Gorge bridge.



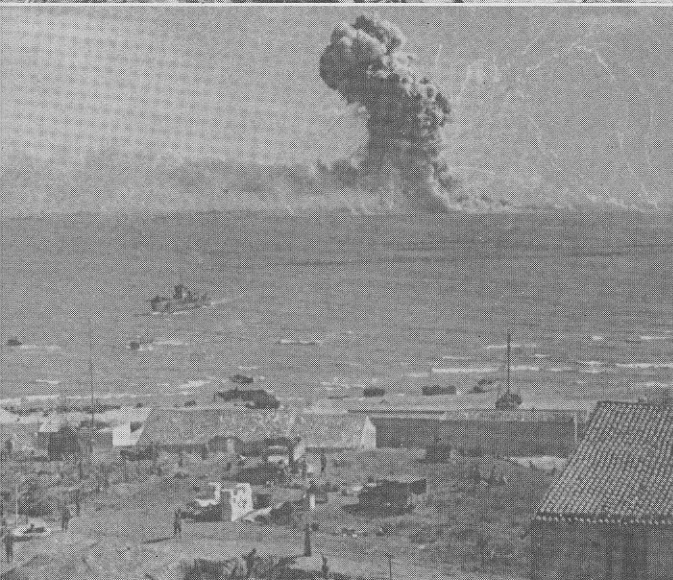


Highway 6 leading to Cassino

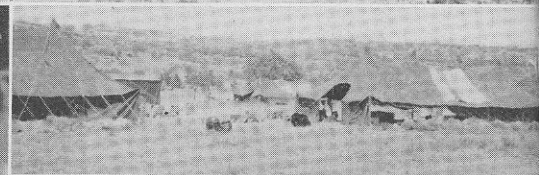
Overseas



Air raid over Oran. Arab Hill. Arab kids near Kristel beach and Staoueli. Algiers. Irrigation in Tunisia.

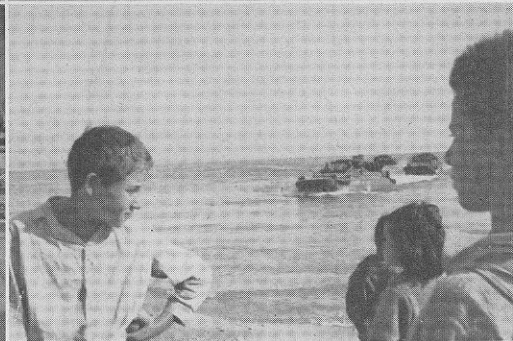
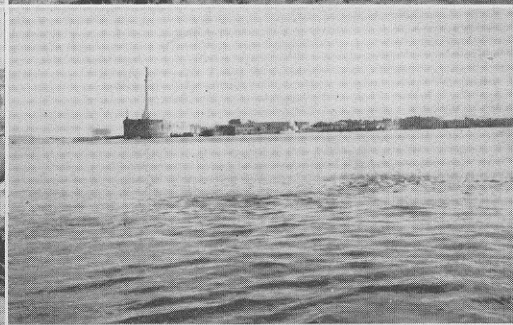


Sicily



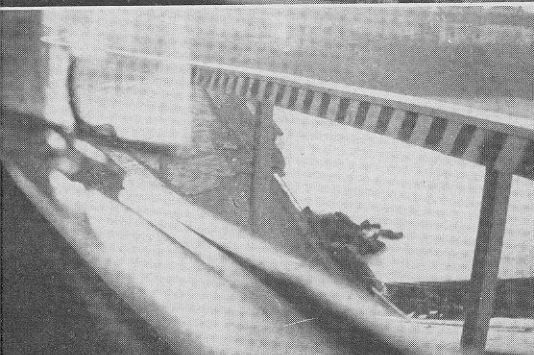
Gela. Pietraperzia. Nicosia

Vittoria. Nicosia. Trapani. Crossing Messina Straits.





Loading up.



Mud. Hi-way 6 rec tent. River Volturno. Red Cross show. Shower.

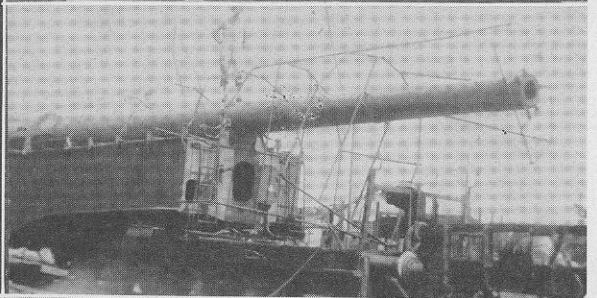
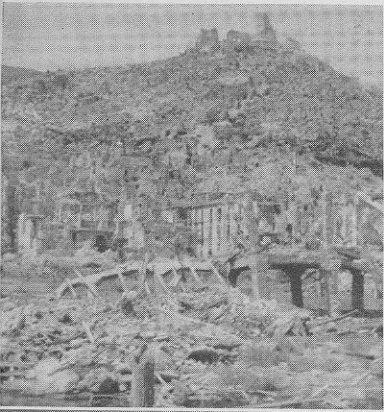
San Pietro. King's garden in Caserta. Million Dollar Hill by
day and night.

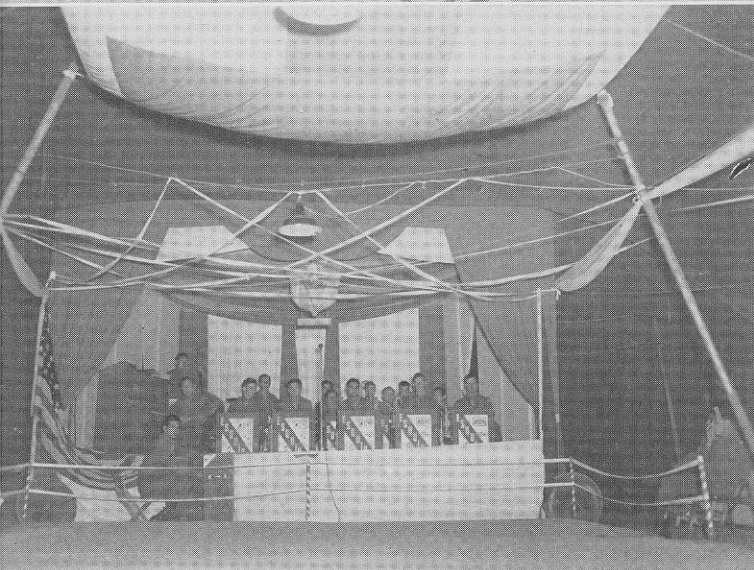




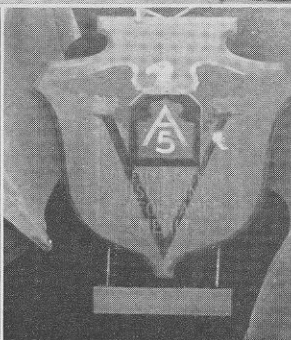
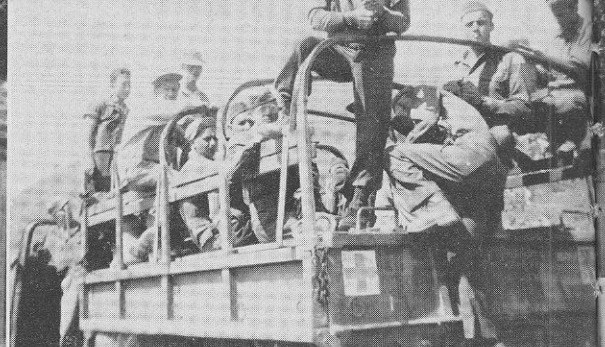
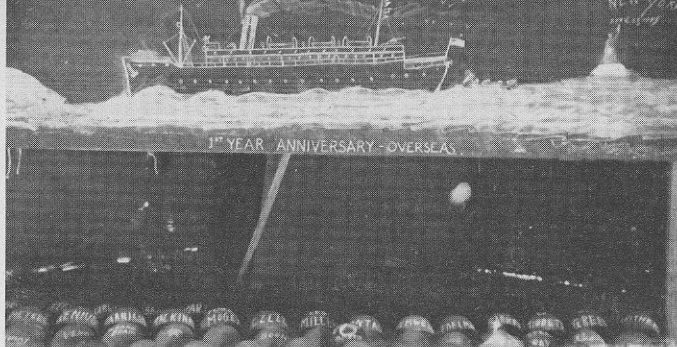
Mt. Vesuvius Erupts.

Cassino. Zendler's truck after mine. Unit III after shell. Hospital after wind. Donating blood. Child patient.





Nocelleto dance.



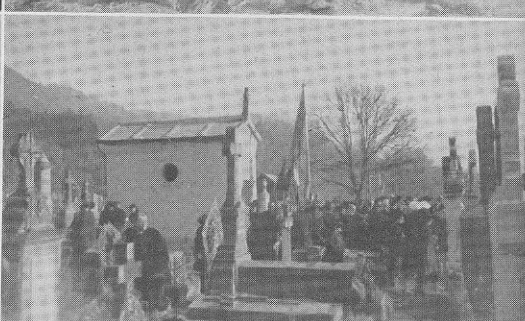
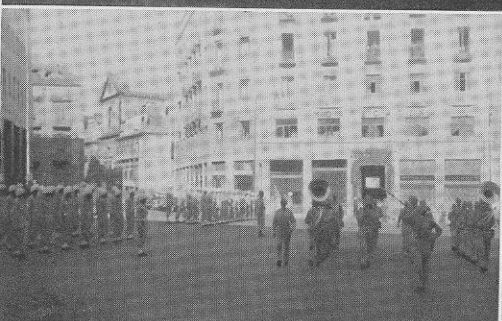
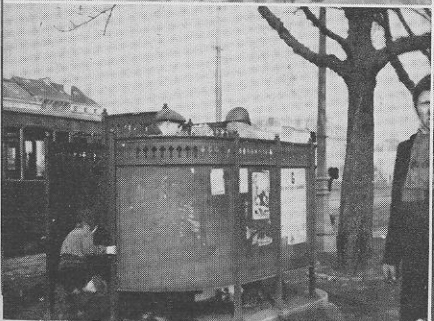
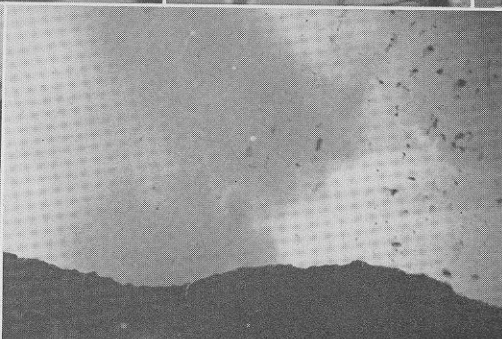
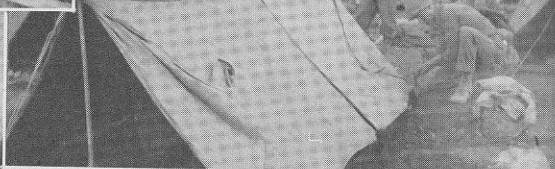
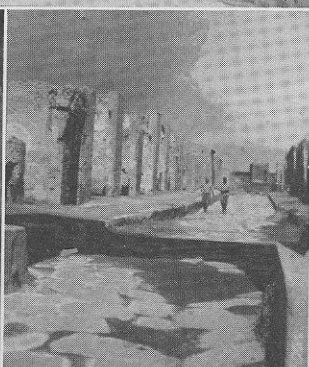
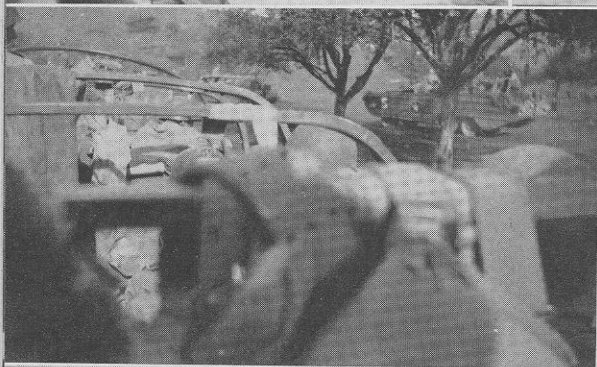
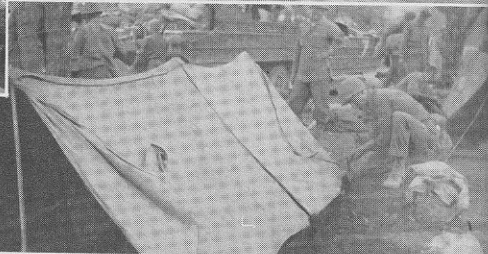
Nocelleto. Priverno. Pontine Marshes. Itri.

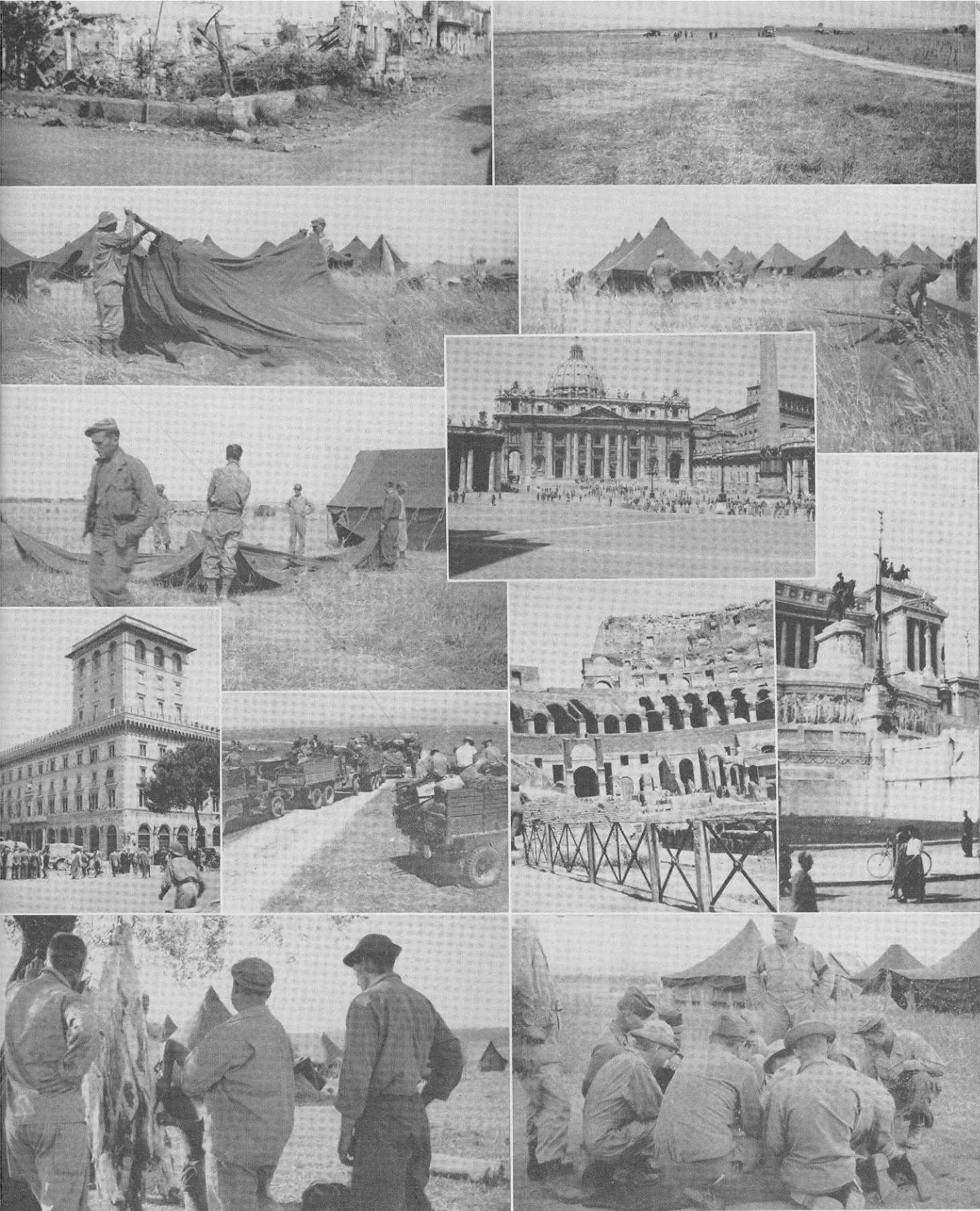
Italy



Shelling of Cassino

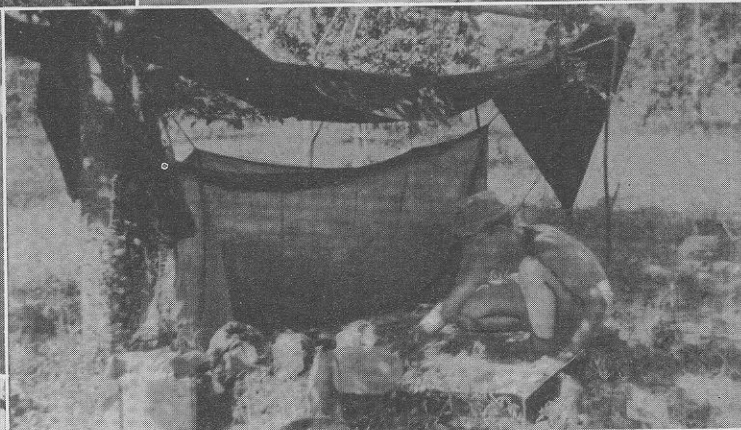
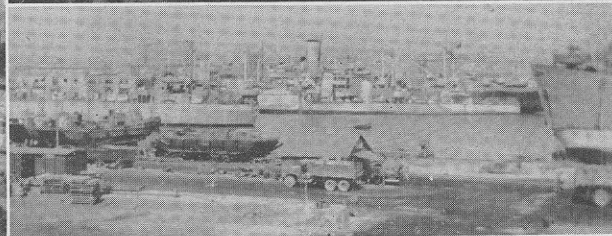
Up the boot. Naples. Vesuvius. Pompeii. Retreat in Naples.
Italian funeral.

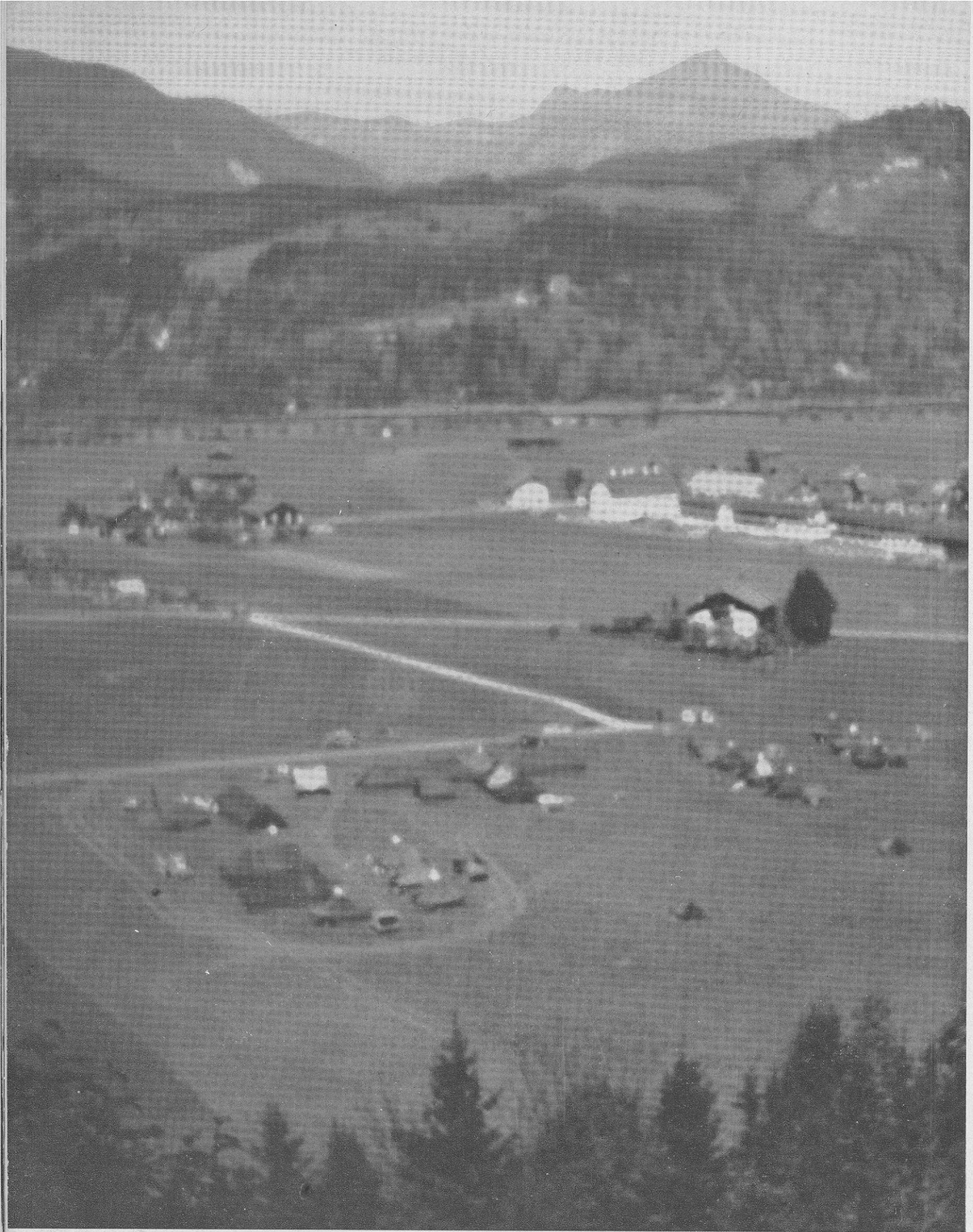




Cisterna. Rome. Grosseto.

Naples harbor before invasion of So. France. Staging area.
San Pietro. Civitavecchia.





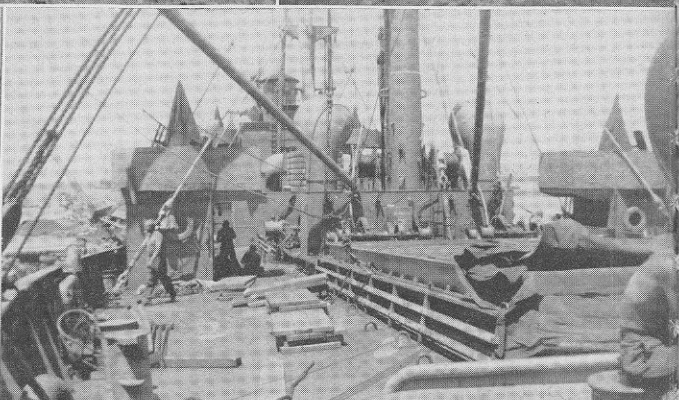
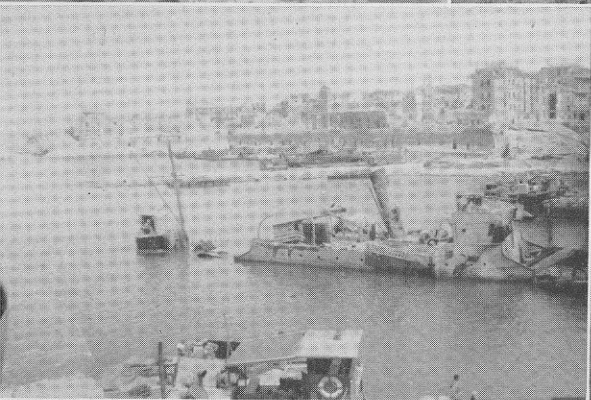
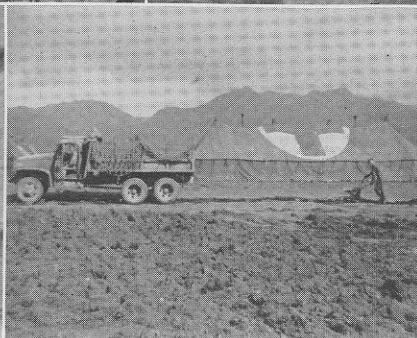
Unit III, Kufstein, Austria

France and Alsace



D Day landing.

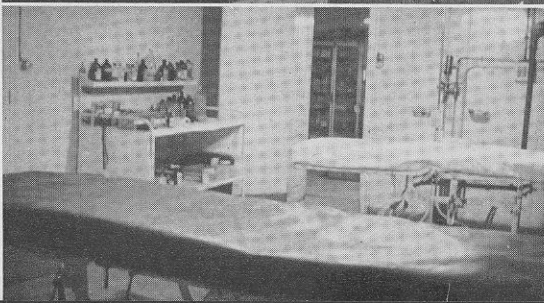
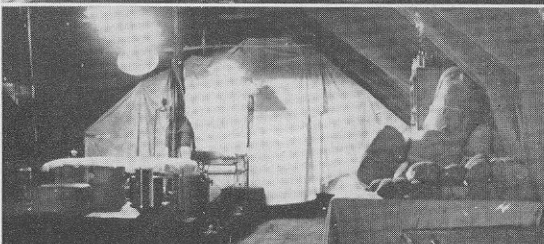
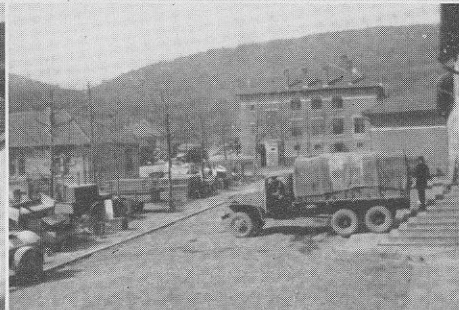
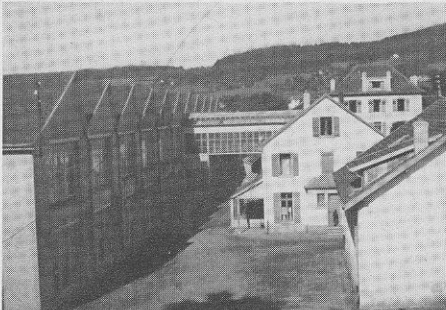
Waiting to load. Ships pull out.

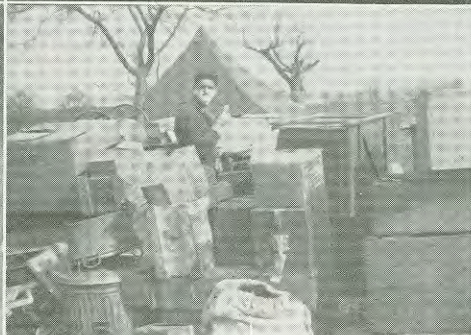
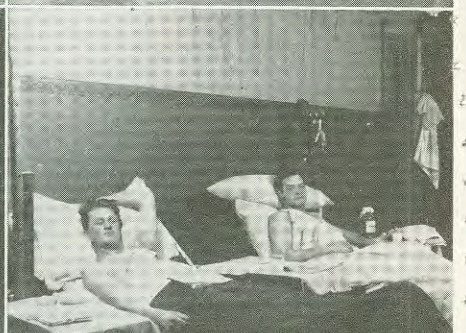
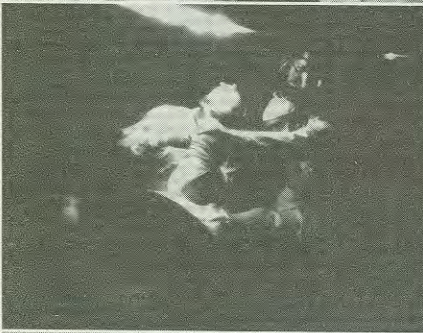
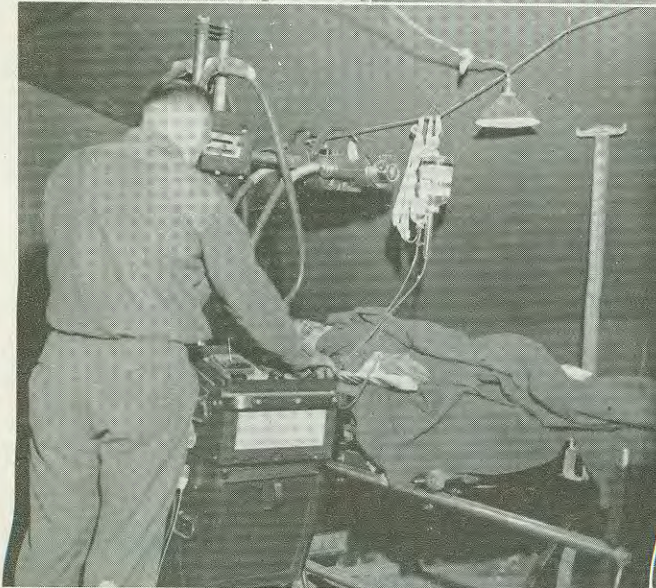




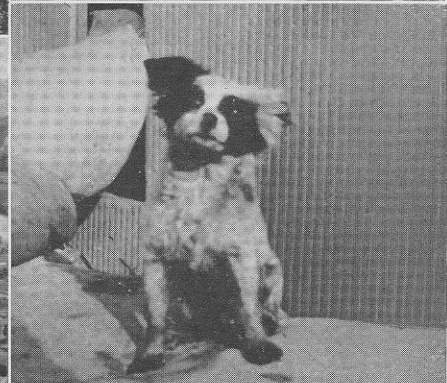
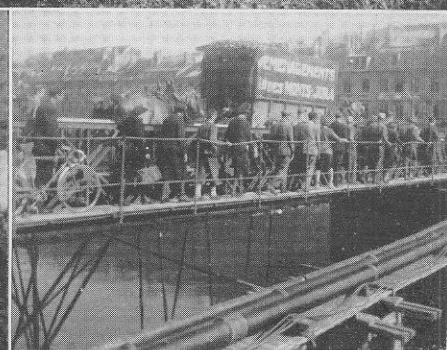
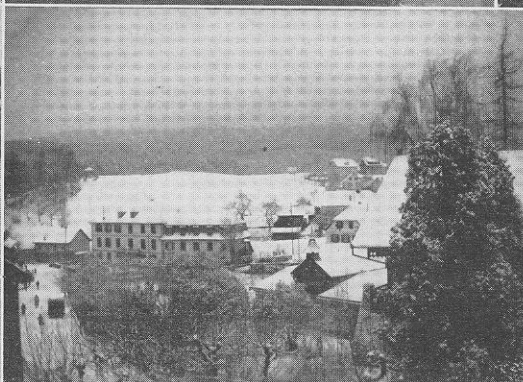
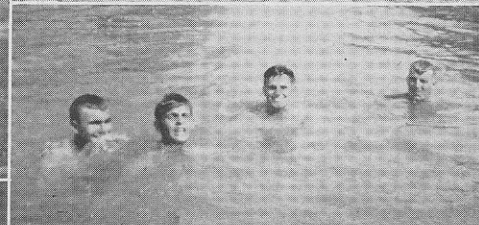
D Day Landing

Le Muy. Brumath. Pont d'Air. Eloyes. Drachenbronn.
Phalsbourg. Ste. Marie aux Mines. Hochfelden.



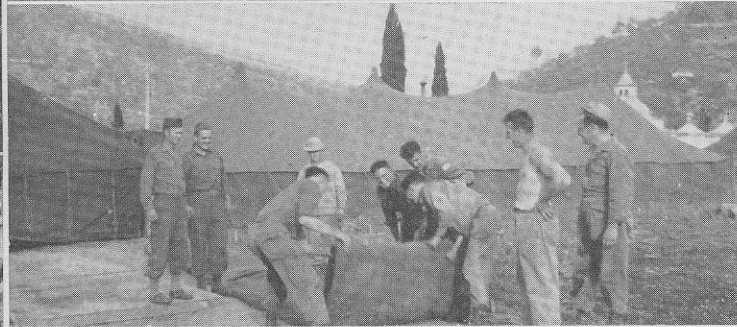
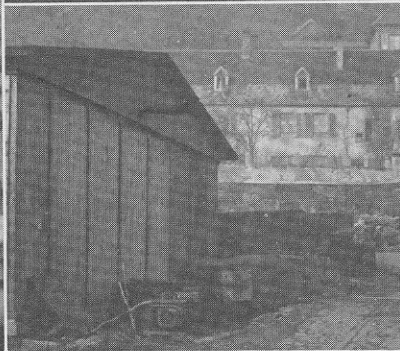
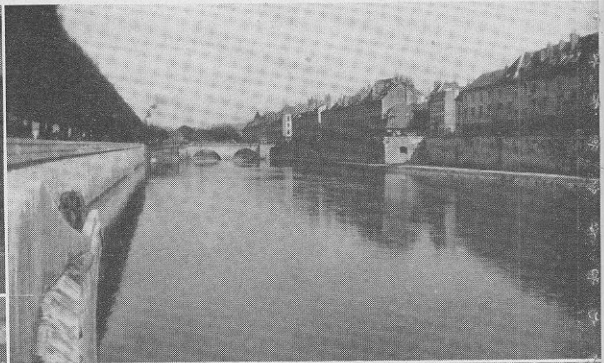


Crest. Strasbourg. Sarrebourg.

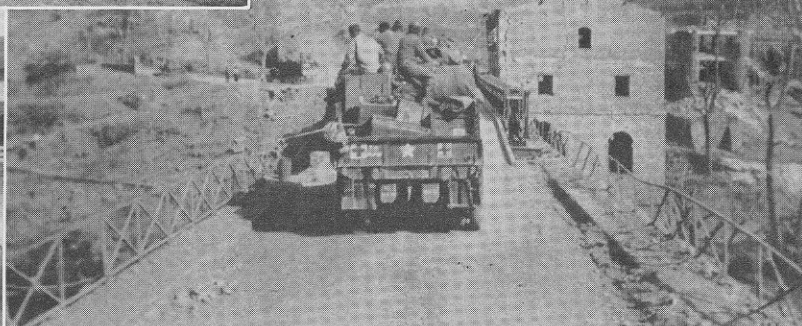


Bourg. Eloyes. Le Hohwald. Besancon. Crest

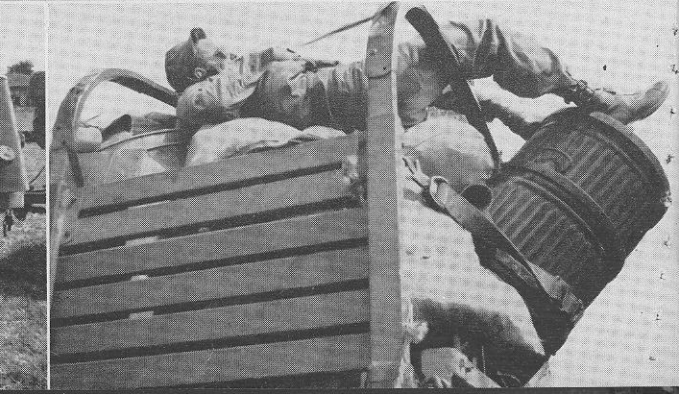
Strasbourg. Besancon. Ste. Marie. Bourg. Good Conduct
awards at Hochfelden. Half-way mark. War department
citation.



Crossing Rhone. Unit 11 Sets up.

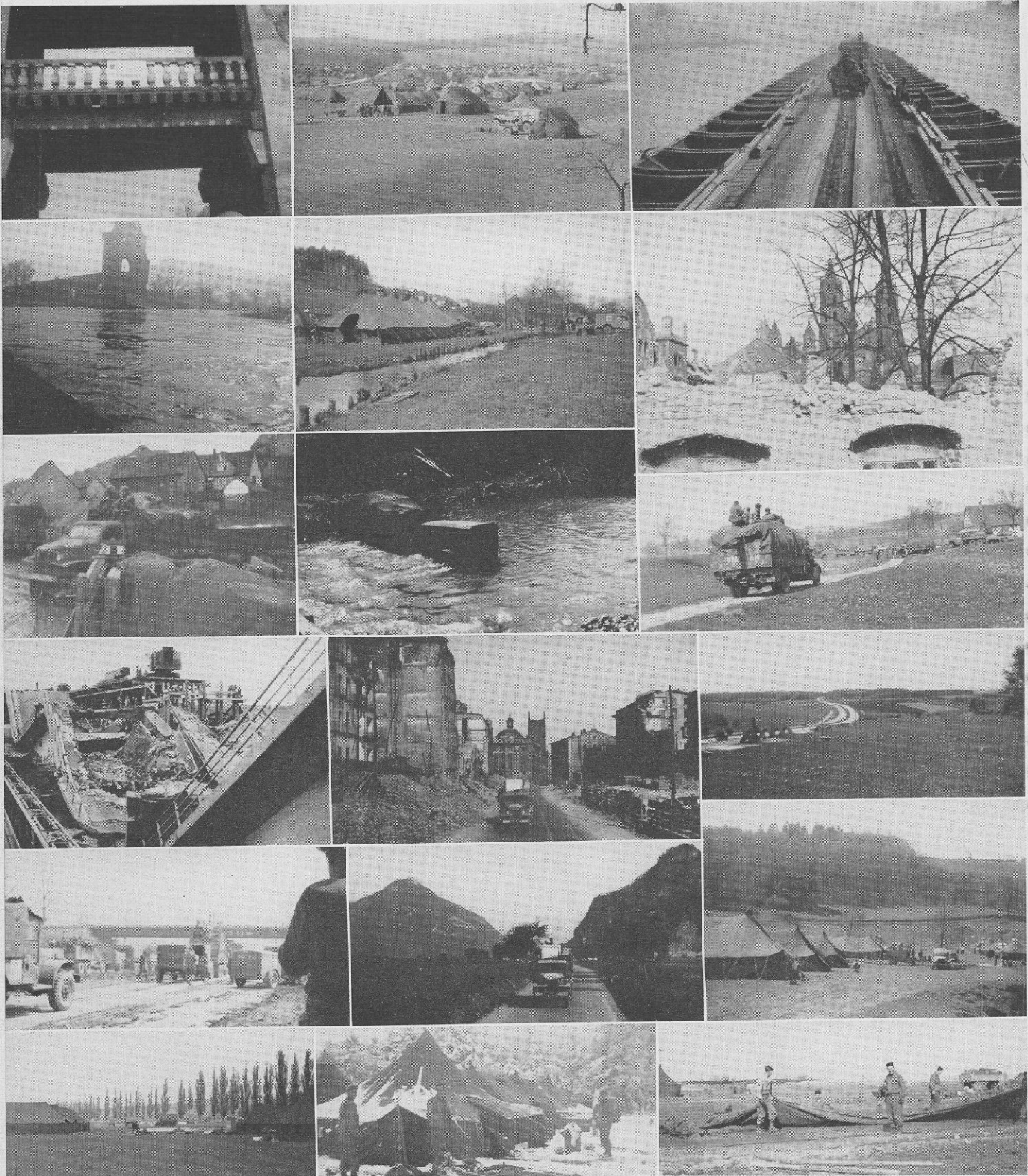


Moselle river. Crest. Alsace funeral.



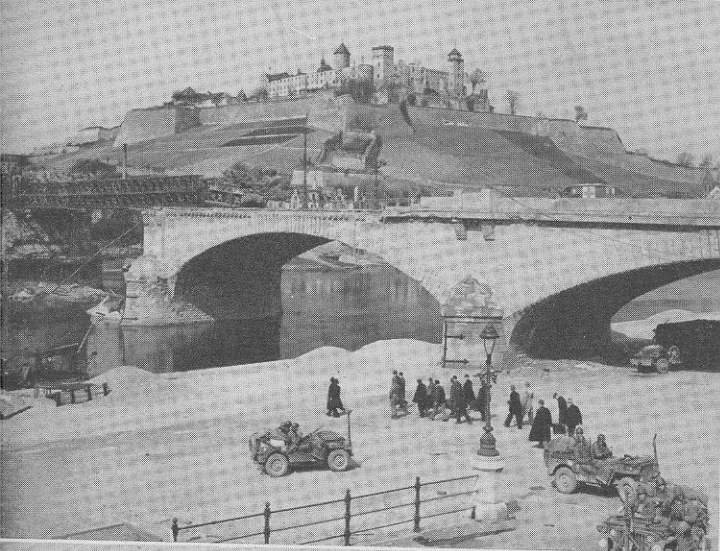
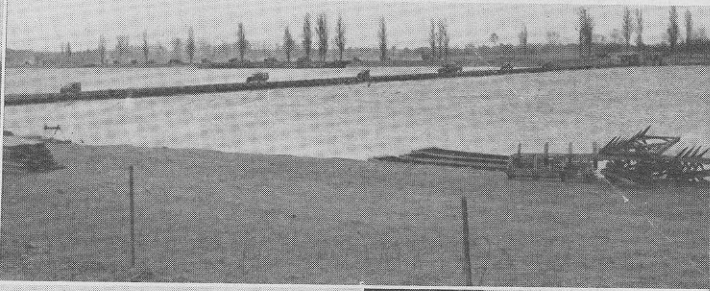
Germany and Austria

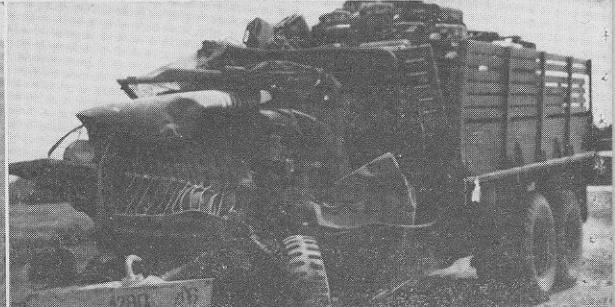
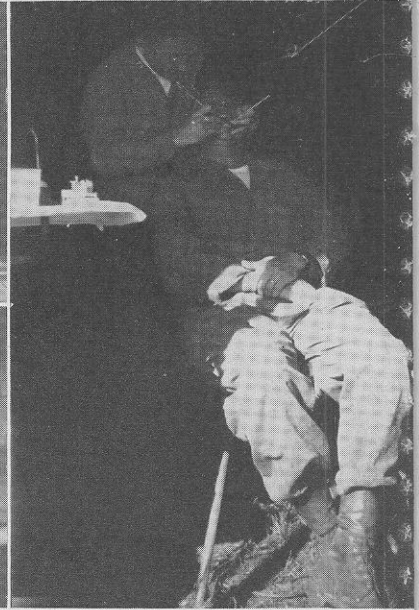
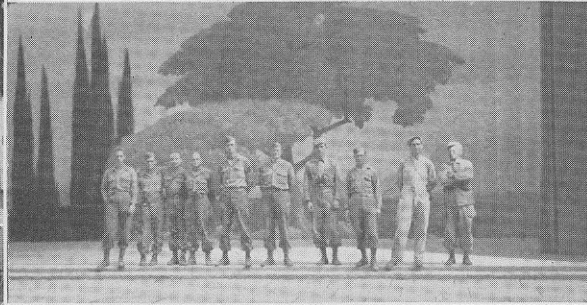
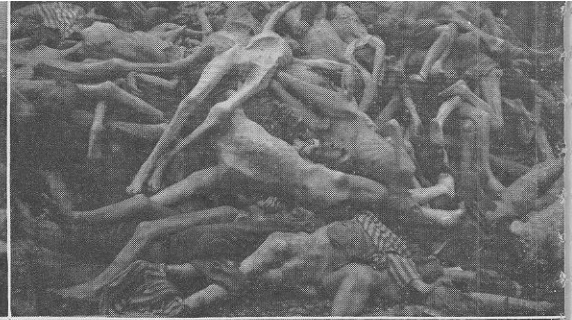
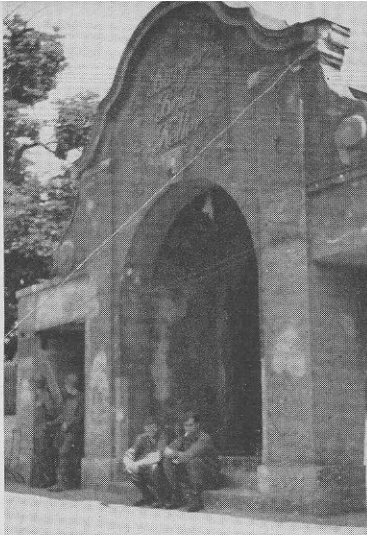




Gateway into Germany. Gollheim. Crossing Rhine. Erbach.
Worms. Markbreit. Starnberg. Wurzburg.

Wurzburg. Crossing Danube. Kufstein. Brenner Pass.
Heilbronn. Innsbruck. Berchtesgaden.

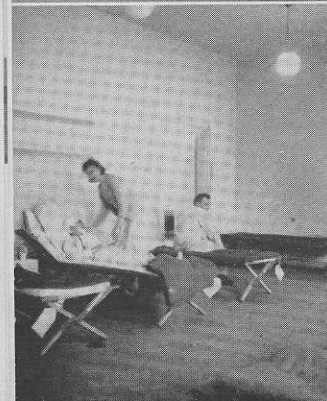
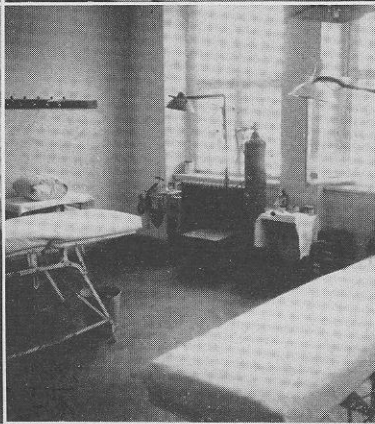
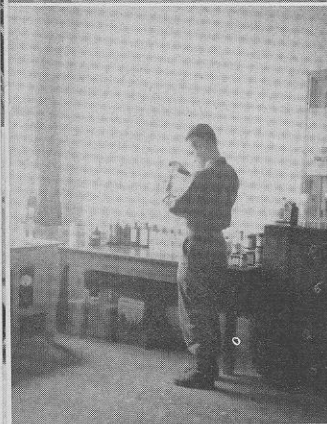
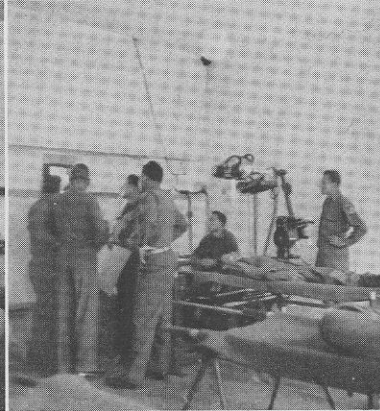
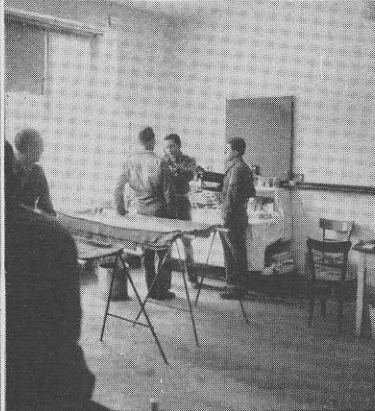
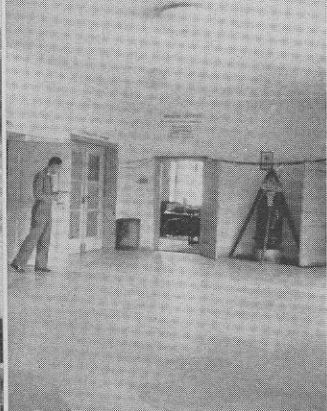
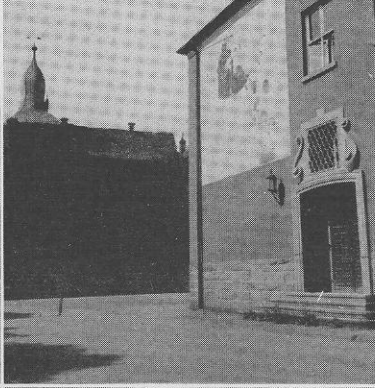
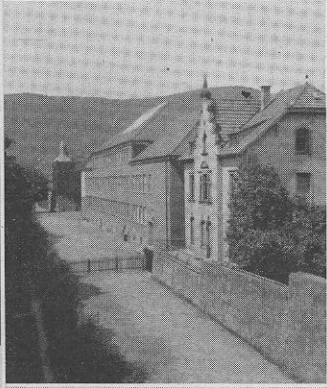


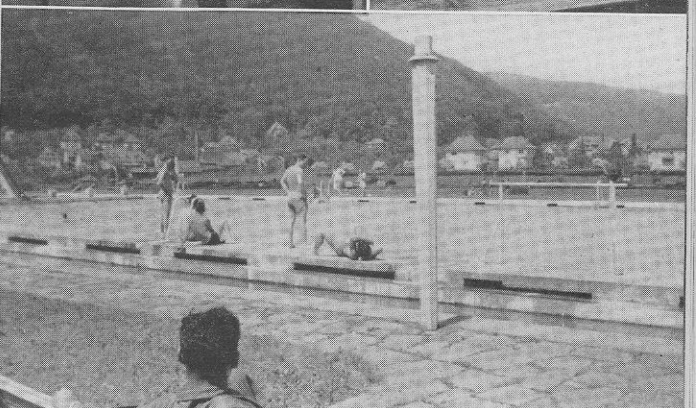
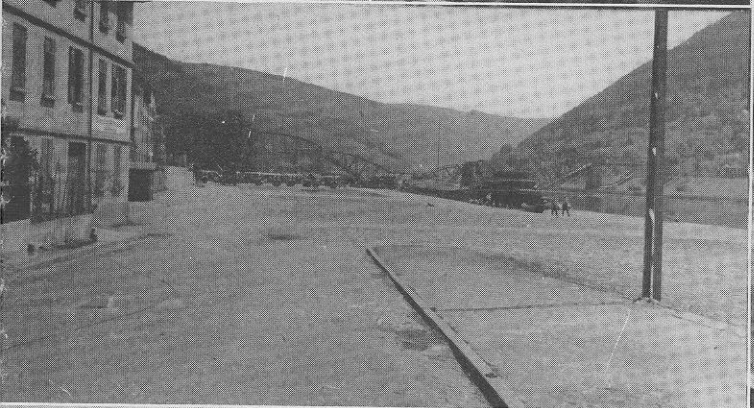
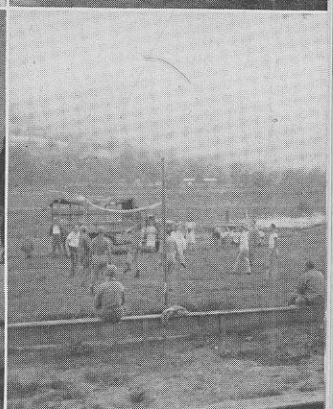
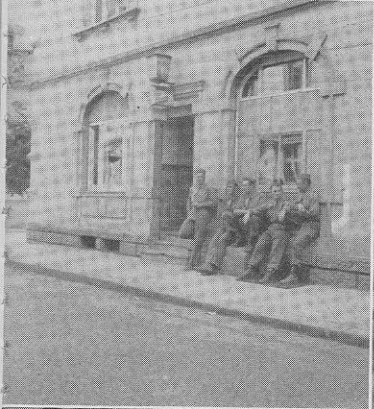
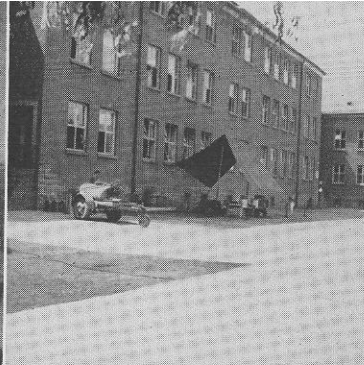
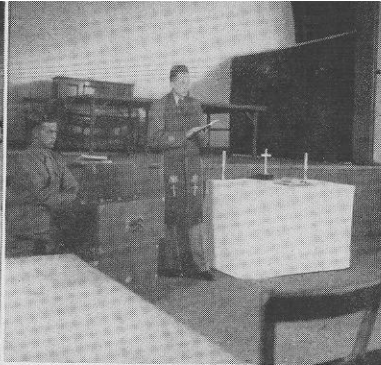
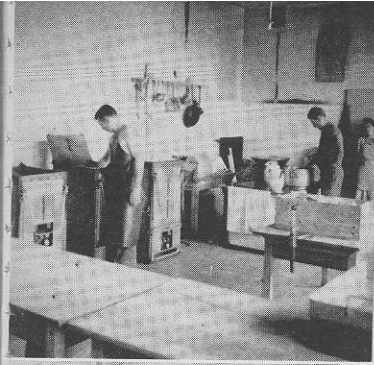


Eberbach



Munich Beer Hall. Heidelberg. Dachau. Oberammergau
Passion Play theater. Munich. Ammer See. Convoy to
Eberbach.







Patton visits the wounded.

Fifth Army Field Hospital



Fifth Army Field Hospital

Margaret Bourke-White

An excerpt from
They Called It "Purple Heart Valley"

Simon and Schuster \$3.00

Copyright 1944, by Margaret Bourke-White

Nurse Betty Cook, twenty-four-year-old Kentuckian, was one of ten surgical nurses in the 11th Field Hospital. These girls were working closer to the battle line than American women had ever worked before in this or any other war. Our troops were fighting their way through the lowlands of Cassino corridor, and these nurses were stationed actually ahead of our own heavy guns. A short stroll in the wrong direction would bring one right into German territory.

This advanced position of the field hospital made it possible to save many of those desperately serious cases inevitably lost in the last war. Here the worst brain, chest, and abdominal cases, which could not stand the long trip to the rear, were taken off the ambulances and given immediate definitive surgery.

The field hospital, marked with its red-painted crosses, was laid out in the form of a cross whose arms were formed of big, continuous wall tents. A wounded soldier could run the whole gamut of treatment without being carried out-of-doors.

Bedtime for the day staff came early in the blacked-out field hospital. I had arrived with Corporal Padgitt at dusk, which during those winter months, came at five-thirty. The Corporal had gone off to find quarters and I went to a tent with five of the nurses, where I was to spend the night. It was only seven when blonde little Lieutenant Frances Mosher, of South Bend, Indiana, a coat over her pajamas, stoked up the primitive little wood stove in the center of the muddy floor and heated bath water in an empty apple-butter can. Lieutenant Elise Nichols began bathing in her helmet, finishing off her feet methodically with foot powder.

Nicky was from Melrose, Massachusetts, a good-natured girl, a bit on the plump side. "One of the first things you learn on this job," she explained to me, "is that even if you don't have time for anything else, you have to take care of your feet."

Tall, slender Lieutenant Ruth Hindman, her blonde hair glistening with rain, burst through the tent flaps. "The whole Volturno is running through our powder room," she said. "We'll have to get out our shovels and deepen that irrigation ditch in the morning."

Ruthie Hindman was from Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and was one of those who are always cooking something for somebody. She started making cocoa in an empty plasma can. It had just come to a boil when a sound like a rising wind rushed out of the mountain toward us.

"Is that theirs or ours?" cried Nicky.

"Theirs," shouted Ruthie.

And instantly all that remained visible of the nurses were four pairs of legs sticking out from under the cots. By the time I had followed their example the sound had reached tornado proportions, when it suddenly halted in an abrupt thud.

"That's the first time they've ever aimed at the hospital," exclaimed Nicky, as the girls pulled themselves to their feet.

"Don't worry, honey, that was just a stray one," said Ruthie. "They're not after us; they're trying to knock out those guns beyond us. They aren't going to keep it up."

"There it comes again," shouted Fran, and we fell flat on our faces while a new sound carved a screaming path toward us until all sounds were lost in the deafening roar. It seemed as though the earth would never stop pelting against the tent walls, but at last it was over and we crawled to our feet.

Then I heard a voice from outside, "You all right, Peggy?" It was Padgitt, and with his help I gathered up some camera equipment and we started out into the darkness.

Stumbling over wreckage to the hospital tent, Padgitt and I found the shock ward a gloomy cavern with no electric light. Over each litter hung a small knot of medics in muddy boots and helmets, diagnosing wounds with only the illumination furnished by their GI flashlights.

The largest group were leaning over a soldier whose thighs had been practically amputated by a high explosive shell. Only raw strips of flesh and skin held the legs to the mangled body, and his right forearm had compound fractures of both bones. The boy's lacerated face was only partially visible under the oxygen mask; from twin bottles, mounted on a standard over his litter, both plasma and whole blood flowed into his veins.

The clay-colored lips, ringed by the oxygen mask, started moving, and Nurse Wilma Barnes leaned over to listen.

"They're taking my blood," whispered the soldier.

"No, Clarence, they're not taking your blood," she said, "they're giving you something to make you stronger."

We had thought the first salvo of shells was an accident, but it was only the first of many that screamed over our hospital all through the night. Sometimes every few minutes, and often every few seconds, a warning whistle would sound overhead, and the entire hospital staff would fall flat to the ground. But as soon as the shell landed, the surgeons, nurses, and ward attendants would rise instantly and continue their work. There was so much changing and disinfecting of rubber gloves, so much sterilizing of instruments, that a vacant cot next to Clarence's litter filled up completely with gear.

Clarence had lost so much blood that the doctors were giving him whole blood and plasma in both wrists instead of one. They were fighting hard to sustain him through acute shock, until he had rallied enough to be operated on.

The chief surgeon was applying a wire tourniquet

★There were some nurses, some medical corps men,
and a boy named Clarence—and their story is
one of the great dramatic episodes of this war.

around his torn thighs when a whooshlike sound swept over, closer than the rest. "Cross your fingers that it holds," he said as we all hit the dirt.

We had just regained our feet when a particularly loud scream came piercing toward us and we all fell flat. I noticed that Wilma, before she dropped down, took time to check the position of the blood plasma needles in the boy's wrists. I heard her say, "Hold your arm still, Clarence," and she lay down on the ground beside his cot.

The instant we heard the bang of the exploding shell, Wilma was the first person back on her feet, making sure those transfusion needles had not been jarred out of place.

As we all got off the muddy ground again, one of the surgeons commented, "Just a wee bit different from pounding the marble floors of a big hospital."

"Buy me a one-way ticket to New York," remarked one of the ward boys.

Occasionally a naked electric bulb hanging in the center of the tent blazed on as soldiers working in the ruins managed to make a temporary contact. But always before long the electricity failed again, and the surgeons went back to their flashlights.

The hours crawled on in their grotesque routine. The periodic whoosh overhead; the dive for the floor; up again and on with the work; the constant changing of blood and plasma bottles. Clarence was on his seventh unit of plasma, and 5000 cc.'s of whole blood had flowed into his veins, a record amount for the hospital.

So much blood was being used that the supply was running low. Members of the hospital staff began volunteering to give their blood. Then the truck drivers were called in; they came, lying down on any available litter to give their pints of blood, and hurrying out again to work. At last the need of blood became so great that the gun crews from the artillery positions up the road came down in rotation, long enough to donate blood and then go back to their job of shelling the German mountain.

Once more Clarence moved his pasty-colored lips and Wilma leaned down to listen. "No, Son," she said in her soft Texas drawl, "you can't have a cigarette yet. Wait just a little while longer."

The little redhead Commanding Officer, Major Bonham, came up rolling a replacement oxygen tank. "Things are at their worst. We're almost out of Type A blood. We're running out of blood citrates which we need for all these transfusions, and now the oxygen is giving out."

He checked the dials. "It's not working properly," he said. "There's only one tank left and that's being used in the operating room. We must keep that patient breathing. We'll have to move Clarence in there."

Clarence was without oxygen for four and one-half minutes while the little procession, headed by Major Bonham carrying the twin bottles on their

standards, moved through connecting tents into the white-draped operating tent, where Clarence could again be connected with blood, plasma, and oxygen supply. He shared his new oxygen pressure tank with the patient on the operating table, a boy who had been brought in with multiple wounds of face and chest, and with one-third of his thigh shot away.

While Clarence was being moved, Padgitt asked, "Can you get along without me for half an hour, Peggy?"

"Of course," I replied, but I was surprised, because never before had the Corporal left me during an emergency.

Half an hour later, Padgitt came back, looking a little pale. It was only later that I found he had given a pint of blood—his was Type A, the kind they were short of.

Clarence's breathing had grown so shallow that the balloon at the base of his mask, which should inflate with each breath, lay almost flat on his chest. Captain Floyd Taylor began pinching the nostrils under the mask and holding his hands over the mouth, trying to force Clarence to breathe deeper.

"He's getting everything for shock that the books have to offer," said Captain Taylor.

Meanwhile Wilma had recognized a boy on the next table. "How do you feel, Chester?" she inquired.

"Not so good," Chester managed to reply.

The group of helmeted surgeons were now leaning over Chester, debating whether to amputate or try to save his wounded leg, thereby running the risk of gas gangrene. Having decided to try to save Chester's leg, they tied on gauze masks and began to operate.

It was two in the morning before Chester was moved to the adjoining ward. Meanwhile Clarence had received a total of 6000 cc.'s of blood. He was moving his lips again in their rubber frame, and Captain Taylor tried to catch the words.

"He's asking for watermelon," the Captain explained. "They often ask for their favorite foods when they're near death." Leaning over Clarence, he said, "They're not in season, Son."

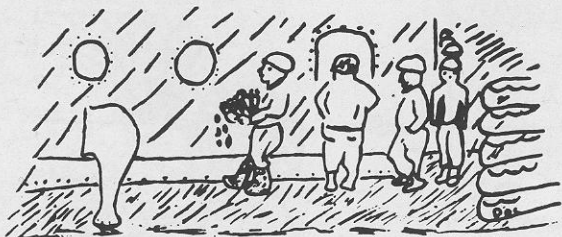
"Cover up my feet," Clarence murmured. And then, whispering, "I'm so cold," he died.

I took a last picture of those feet, still in their muddy boots, and with the boy's own rifle strapped between them where it served as a splint for the crushed legs.

The corps men lifted the blood-stained gun away. "Be careful," one of them said quietly, "it may be loaded."

Kindly Captain Taylor bade me good night. "The lad wouldn't have had much left to do with if he had lived," he said, "with both legs and one arm gone." Credit Condensation Courtesy of Reader's Scope Magazine.

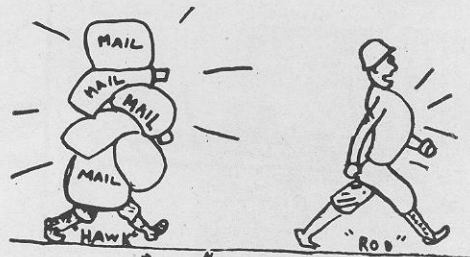
CARTOONS



ABOARD SHIP Baked For France ICE CREAM



PORK CHOPS!



"WE GOT MAIL"



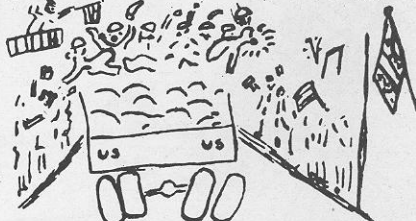
TEEMING Sicily



YOUR STEP MATION IS UP!
Buck-Silly - 49



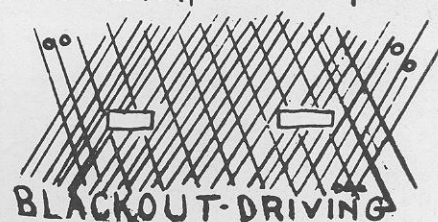
D Day Drummont, France



Welcome to France



"It Costs Nothing. It is a gift."



BLACKOUT-DRIVING

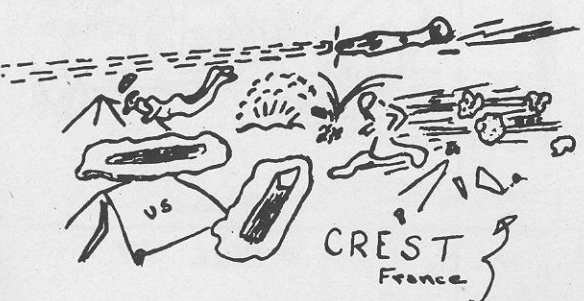


CARDS

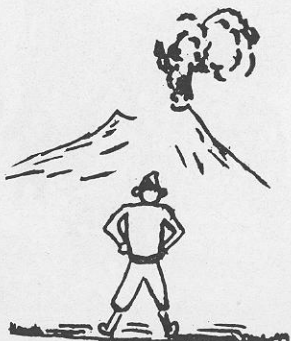
ABOARD SHIP



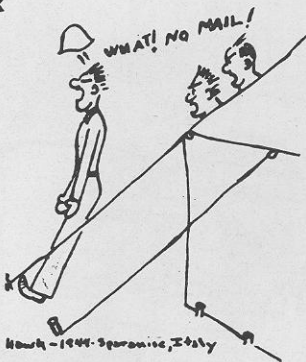
O. France:
D DAY
GREEN
BEACH
AHEAD



CREST
France

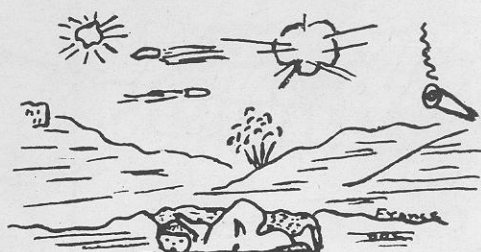


MUST BE INFRARED AND
SMOKE SIGNALS



WHAT! NO MAIL!

Howe - 1944 - Sparrow, Italy



"If Mama Could See Me Now"
ELOYES

"What! You're not going to evacuate?!"



C I T A T I O N

For Award Of The

MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE

The 11th Field Hospital is awarded the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque for superior performance of duty in the accomplishment of exceptionally difficult tasks for the period 15 August 1944 to 30 November 1944, in France. Assigned the task of rendering medical support to the 45th and 36th Infantry Division Clearing Stations during amphibious operations in Southern France and acting in the same capacity for other divisions in the subsequent land operations, members of the 11th Field Hospital performed their duties in a superior manner at all times and under many trying conditions. The excellent cooperation and aggressive nature of each member of the hospital has been of immeasurable value to the welfare of sick and wounded personnel passing through this installation.



DEAN
CORNWELL



Frontlines In Italy

I was at the foot of the mule trail the night they brought Capt. Waskow's body down. The moon was nearly full at the time, and you could see far up the trail, and even part way across the valley below. Soldiers made shadows in the moonlight as they walked.

Dead men had been coming down the mountain all evening, lashed onto the backs of mules. They came lying belly-down across the wooden pack-saddles, their heads hanging down on the left side of the mule, their stiffened legs sticking out awkwardly from the other side, bobbing up and down as the mule walked.

The Italian mule-skinners were afraid to walk beside dead men, so Americans had to lead the mules down that night. Even the Americans were reluctant to unlash and lift off the bodies at the bottom, so an officer had to do it himself, and ask others to help.

The first one came early in the evening. They slid him down from the mule and stood him on his feet for a moment, while they got a new grip. In the half light he might have been merely a sick man standing there, leaning on the others. Then they lay him on the ground in the shadow of the low stone wall alongside the road.

I don't know who that first one was. You feel small in the presence of the dead men, and ashamed at being alive, and you don't ask silly questions.

We left him there beside the road, that first one, and we all went back into the cowshed and sat on water cans or lay on the straw, waiting for the next batch of mules.

Somebody said the dead soldier had been dead for four days, and then nobody said anything more about it. We talked soldier talk for an hour or more. The dead man lay all alone outside, in the shadow of the low stone wall.

Then a soldier came into the cowshed and said there were some more bodies outside. We went out into the road. Four mules stood there, in the moonlight, in the road where the trail came down off the mountain. The soldiers who lead them stood there waiting. "This one is Capt. Waskow," one of them said quietly.

Two men unlash his body from the mule and lifted it off and lay it in the shadow beside the low stone wall. Other men took the other bodies off. Finally there were

five, lying end to end in a long row, alongside the road. You don't cover up dead men in the combat zone. They just lie there in the shadows until somebody else comes after them.

The unburdened mules moved off to their olive orchard. The men in the road seemed reluctant to leave. They stood around, and gradually one by one I could sense them moving close to Capt. Waskow's body. Not so much to look, I think, as to say something in finality to him, and to themselves. I stood close by and I could hear.

One soldier came and looked down, and he said out loud, "God damn it." That's all he said, and then he walked away. Another one came. He said, "God damn it to hell anyway." He looked down for a few last moments, and then he turned and left.

Another man came; I think he was an officer. It was hard to tell officers from men in the half-light, for all were bearded and grimy dirty. The man looked down into the dead captain's face, and then he spoke directly to him, as though he were alive. He said:

"I'm sorry, old man."

Then a soldier came and stood beside the officer, and bent over, and he too spoke to his dead captain, not in a whisper but awfully tenderly, and he said:

"I sure am sorry, sir."

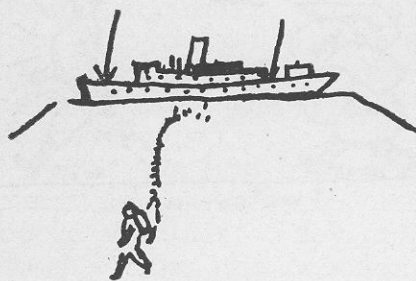
Then the first man squatted down, and he reached down and took the dead hand, and he sat there for five full minutes, holding the dead hand in his own and looking intently into the dead face, and he never uttered a sound all the time he sat there.

And then finally he put the hand down, and then reached up and gently straightened the points of the captain's shirt collar, and then he sort of rearranged the tattered edges of his uniform around the wound. And then he got up and walked away down the road in the moonlight, all alone.

After that the rest of us went back into the cowshed, leaving the five dead men lying in line, end to end, in the shadow of the low stone wall. We lay down on the straw in the cowshed, and pretty soon we were all asleep.

Reprinted through courtesy of Scripps-Howard Newspapers and Henry Holt Publishers of "BRAVE MEN," by Ernie Pyle. \$3.00.

May 43



ORAN

AUG 43

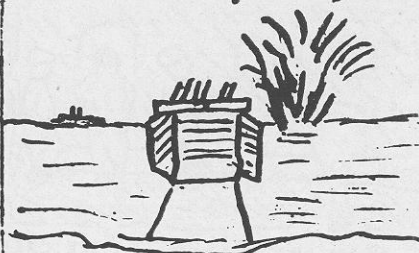
June 43



Port-Aux-Poules
BEACH

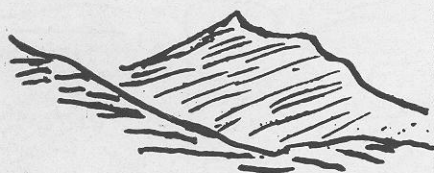
SEPT 43

July 43



GELA

OCT 43



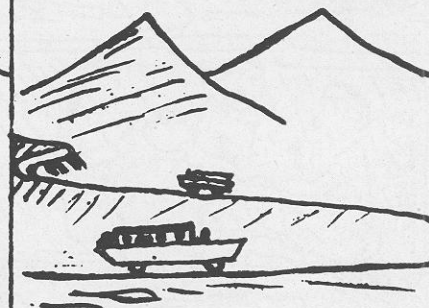
COLLESANO

Nov. 43



TRAPANI

DEC. 43



DUCK CONVOY

JAN 44



3RD UNIT - PRESENZANO

FEB 44



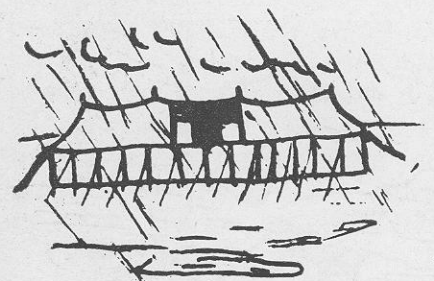
CHRIST MAS.

MAR. 44



A Mine

APRIL 44



RAIN



WIND

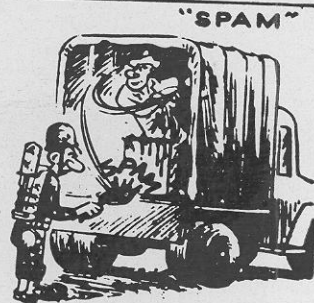


AWARDS



-Boat Drill-

"SAD SACK"



"SPAM"

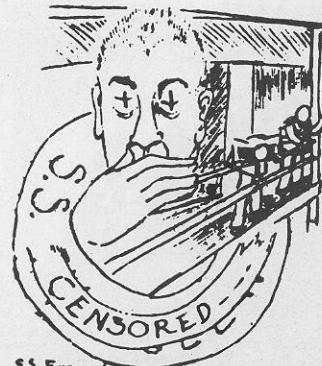
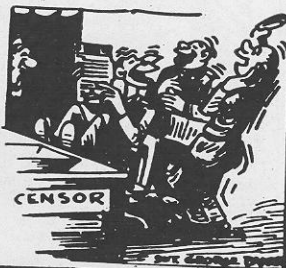


© 1944 SGT. GEORGE BAKER

"SAD SACK"



"STRICTLY PRIVATE"



© 1944 SGT. GEORGE BAKER
EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT!!

THE SAD SACK

"IN TOWN"



© 1944 SGT. GEORGE BAKER



Some Call It Chow!



"I feel like a fugitive from th' law of averages."



"Nonsense. S-8 reported that machine gun silenced hours ago.
Stop wiggling your fingers at me."



"I can't git no lower, Willie. Me buttons is in th' way."



"Why th' hell couldn't you have been born a beautiful woman?"



"We calls 'em garritroopers. They're too far forward to wear
ties an' too far back to git shot."



"Don't tell 'em now, lieutenant. Wait'll they fix th' stove."



"I caught KP agin."



"I'll let ya know if I find th' one wot invented th' 88."



"I ast her to teach me to yodel. She taught me to yodel."



"yellow one is fer national defense, th' red one wit' white
oes is fer very good conduct, and th' real purty one wit' all th'
colors is fer bein' in this theater of operations."



"Uncle Willie!"



"Oh, I likes officers. They makes me want to live till
the war's over."



"Ever notice th' funny sound these zippers make, Willie?"



"Hell of a way to waste time. Does it work?"



"Beautiful view. Is there one for the enlisted men?"



"Now that ya mention it, Joe, it does sound like th'
patter of rain on a tin roof."



"This is th' town my pappy told me about."



"Dammit, ya promised to bring rations this trip."

Bill Mauldin

Headquarters FIFTH ARMY COMMENDATION

To all whom it may concern

HOSPITALIZATION UNIT II, 11TH FIELD HOSPITAL

is hereby commended for outstanding performance of duty

CITATION

HOSPITALIZATION UNIT II, 11TH FIELD HOSPITAL is awarded the Fifth Army Plaque and Clasp for meritorious service during the month of January 1944. Often in the face of serious obstacles, this organization has established an outstanding record in the performance of services invaluable to Fifth Army. This unit displayed a high degree of skill in fulfilling a vital mission which resulted in saving the lives of our wounded soldiers. Reliance is put upon Hospitalization Unit II, 11th Field Hospital to maintain its record in the days that lie ahead.

Mark W. Clark

MARK W. CLARK,
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army,
Commanding.

January 1944

During the afternoon of 31 December, a wind and rain storm of considerable violence began. It increased in rigor as the evening progressed and continued unabated until about 1030 hours on 1 January. During the night, this storm blew down and rendered irreparable the Headquarters tent and caused considerable damage to the records and equipment contained therein. Besides this, the loss of tentage for the whole organization amounted to 15 ward tents, 11 pyramidal tents, and 5 small wall tents. A great deal of equipment was also lost or damaged. This damage rendered the units

inactive professionally for three days.

With the exception of this short period, all units were active during the entire month except Unit I which closed down and went into bivouac on 23 January. Unit I worked in conjunction with the clearing company of the 54th Medical Battalion, Unit II with the clearing company of the 109th Medical Battalion, and Unit III with the clearing company of the 111th Medical Battalion.

During this month, Unit II made use of a holding hospital, the first time such a unit was used in Italy.

From Official Records

MOVES



Convoy up Southern France

MOVES IN THE UNITED STATES

13 August 42 Cadre left Gowen Field at 1600
 14 August 42 Cadre arrived Camp White at 2200
 13 November 42 Organization left White at 1250
 17 November 42 Arrived Camp Carson at 0030
 19 April 43 Left Carson 1430
 22 April 43 Arrive Camp Kilmer 1245
 27 April 43 Marched to train 2330
 28 April 43 Left Camp Kilmer 0115
 Arrived Staten Island 0405
 Embarked on the **SS Evangeline** from
 Pier 366 at 0420

1943 MOVES IN NORTH AFRICA

10 May Sighted land and the Rock of Gibraltar.
 11 May Arrived Oran. Disembarked 1700. Arrived MBS Staging Area 20 (ARAB HILL — GOAT HILL — MISERY HILL) 1830.
 27 May Leave Arab Hill for Port aux Poules.
 10 June Loaded H-A-B trucks leave Port aux Poules to travel overland to Staoueli, Algeria.
 11 June Personnel of H-A-B leave Port aux Poules and embark on the USAT SAMUEL CHASE in Oran Harbor at 1315.
 12 June USAT SAMUEL CHASE sailed for Algiers.
 13 June USAT CHASE arrives Algiers Harbor 1230. Personnel disembark at 1330 and proceed to Staoueli.
 23 and 24 June Combat loaded trucks of H-A-B loaded aboard ships.
 26 June H-A-B embark on LST 337 in Algiers Harbor at 1115.
 27 June LST 337 sailed at 1130.
 C Platoon embarked on LST 391 in Arzew Harbor at 0900.
 LST 391 sailed at 0800.
 28 June LST 337 arrived Golfe de Tunis 1215.
 29 June
 30 June Personnel of LST 337 disembark on British LCI at 1930. Proceeded by foot and British trucks to Virginia Staging Area, near Ariana, Tunisia.
 3 July LST 391 arrived Port of Tunis 1430. Disembarked in Br. LCI and proceeded to staging area near Carthage by foot and Br. trucks.
 4 July LST 391 personnel reembark.
 6 July LST 337 personnel reembark.
 8 July LSTs 337 and 391 set sail at 0600 and 0700 respectively.

1943 MOVES IN SICILY

10 July LST 337 personnel disembark Green Beach, Sicily H8 (1230). LST 391 anchors off coast of Sicily.
 13 July H-A-B personnel set up hospital in Gela.
 LST 391 personnel disembark at 0800 and proceed to 3 miles of Vittoria and bivouac.

14 July C Platoon moves into Vittoria and set up hospital.
 16 July H-A-B proceed to Pietraperzia and set up.
 21 July At 1430 C Platoon proceeded to outskirts of Castelvantrano and bivouaced because of tactical situation.
 22 July C Platoon enters Castelvantrano to bivouac in school building. First forward unit known only as advance Party proceeded from Pietraperzia to and set up.
 23 July C. Platoon proceeded to Camporeate to bivouac.
 24 July C Platoon arrives in Palermo at 1530 and set up.
 27 July H-A-B plus Advance Party proceeded at 0800 to Collesano. C Platoon joins organization at Collesano.
 30 July Reorganization of the 11th Field Hospital into four distinct units: Headquarters and three mobile surgical units.

HEADQUARTERS

3-8 Nicosia
 12-8 Cesaro
 1-9 Trapani

UNIT I

30-7 S. Ambrogio
 5-8 San Stefano
 12-8 Cesaro
 16-8 Trapani

UNIT II

3 September

21 October

22 October

22 October

23 October

24 October

25 October

26 October

29 October

8 November

HEADQUARTERS

29-12 Variano

1944

9-2 Venafrò

16-2 Piedmonte

9-3 Bucciano

31-3 Nocelleto

18-5 Minturno

24-5 Monte S. Biagio

30-5 Priverno

6-6 Cisterna

13-6 Dogana

18-6 Grosseto

25-6 Follonica

1-8 S. Ambrogio
 2-8 San Gracomo
 16-8 Randazzo
 17-8 Cesaro

UNIT I

1-9 Trapani
UNIT III
 3-8 Nicosia
 8-8 Cerami
 15-8 Cesaro
 1-9 Trapani

Organization moves to staging area at Termini.

Organization left Termini 0600 and arrive Messina in ducks 1530.

Organization left bivouac area, Messina, 0600 to cross Messina Straits.

MOVES IN ITALY

Arrive Giaia Tauro, Italy after crossing Messina Straits in Br. LCI, and debarking at Gallice and proceeding 42 miles to G. T. Nicastro.
 Belvedere.
 Pontecagnano.
 Atrapalda.
 Qualiano.
 Capua.

UNIT I

23-11 Pietramelera
 30-12 Minturno

1944

9-2 Venafrò

10-2 San Pietro

16-2 Piedmonte

9-3 Bucciano

31-3 Nocelleto

10-4 Mondragone

24-5 Monte S. Biagio

27-5 Priverno

2-6 Priverno*

2-6 Cisterno

OPERATION SUCCESSFUL

3-7 Tarquinia
5-7 SS Haym Salomon
6-7 Sailed from
Civitavecchia
7-7 Naples
8-7 Sparanise
26-7 Qualiano
9-8 Qualiano
10-8 USS George O.
Squire
13-8 Sailed from Naples

3-6 Valmontone
17-6 Dogana
18-6 Grosseto
24-6 Follonica
3-7 Tarquinia
5-7 SS Haym Salomon
6-7 Sailed from
Civitavecchia
7-7 Naples
8-7 Sparanise
26-7 Qualiano
9-8 Qualiano
10-8 USS George O.
Squire
13-8 Sailed from Naples

UNIT II

29-12 Presanzano
1944

8-1 San Pietro
27-1 Variano*
25-2 Piedmonte
3-3 Piedmonte*
9-3 Bucciano
31-3 Nocelleto
16-5 Minturno
21-5 Itri
1-6 Priverno
6-6 Cisterno
13-6 Dogana
16-6 Grosseto
25-6 Follonica
26-6 Campiglia
27-6 Campiglia*
1-7 Follonica
3-7 Tarquinia
5-7 SS Haym Salomon
6-7 Sailed from
Civitavecchia
7-7 Naples
8-7 Sparanise
19-7 Qualiano
8-8 Emb. Point No. 7
9-8 USS Barnett
13-8 Sailed from Naples

UNIT III

17-11 Variano
17-11 Prensano
1944

19-1 San Pietro
29-2 Piedmonte
3-3 Piedmonte*
9-3 Bucciano
31-3 Nocelleto
18-5 Minturno
24-5 Monte S. Biagio
26-5 M.S. Biagio*
27-5 M.S. Biagio*
27-5 Priverno
6-6 Cisterna
13-6 Dogana
17-6 S. Grosseto
20-6 N. Grosseto
3-7 Tarquinia
5-7 SS Haym Salomon
6-7 Sailed from
Civitavecchia
7-7 Naples
8-7 Sparanise
26-7 Qualiano
9-8 Qualiano
10-8 USS George O.
Squire
13-8 Sailed from Naples

MOVES IN FRANCE

HEADQUARTERS

1944
15-8 Drammont
17-8 Le Muy
18-8 Draguignan
23-8 Les Bons Enfants
24-8 Crest
4-9 Bohas
5-9 Attignot
9-9 Chay
18-9 Luxeil les Bains
29-9 Eloyes
28-11 Bruyeres
30-11 Ste. Marie Aux
Mines
1945
7-1 Sarrebourg
13-1 Saverne
22-3 Surbourg

UNIT I

1944
15-8 Drammont
17-8 Le Muy
18-8 Draguignan
22-8 Aspres-de-Beuch
23-8 Crest
11-9 Chay
15-9 Saulx
20-9 Plombieres les
Bains
7-10 Eloyes
2-11 Bruyeres
25-11 Ban de Laveline
2-12 Ban de Laveline*
2-12 Ste. Marie Aux
Mines
10-12 Ste. Marie Aux
Mines*
1945
22-1 Ribeaupville

UNIT II

1944

15-8 Ste. Maxime
17-8 Ste. Maxime
20-8 Ste. Maxime
21-8 St. Paul-les-Durance
26-8 Montrond
27-8 Varcès
31-8 Morestal
5-9 Pont D'Air
5-9 Cesancey
6-9 Chantrans
6-9 Chantrans*
8-9 Etalans
11-9 Baume les Dames
14-9 Baume les Dames*
21-9 Bains les Bains
27-9 Epinal
2-10 Epinal*
20-11 Eloyes
23-12 Ribeaupville
1945
7-1 Ste. Marie Aux
Mines
10-1 Sarrebourg
18-1 Bouxwiller
21-1 Phalsbourg
13-3 LaPetite Pierre

31-1 Stephansfeld
18-3 Mertzweiler
19-3 Drachenbronn

UNIT III

1944

15-8 Drammont
17-8 Le Muy
20-8 Draguignan
21-8 Les Bons Enfants
25-8 Crest
2-9 Diemoz
5-9 Attignot
7-9 Poligny
9-9 Quingey
11-9 Fréteigny
22-9 Plombieres
les Bains
25-9 Eloyes
22-11 Nompatelize
29-11 Le Hohwald
4-12 Le Hohwald*
8-12 Ribeaupville
11-12 Ribeaupville*
14-12 Ste. Marie Aux
Mines
18-12 Strasbourg
28-12 Le Hohwald
1945
8-1 Sarrebourg
30-1 Hochfelden
21-3 Ingolsheim
28-3 Ingolsheim*

MOVES IN GERMANY TO 1 JUNE 1945

HEADQUARTERS

26-3 Lambrecht
29-3 Gollheim
2-4 Erbach
4-4 Hopfingen
14-4 Markbreit
20-4 Bettwar
28-4 Dillingen
2-5 St. Alban
19-5 Oberdielbach
20-5 Eberbach

UNIT I

26-3 Klingen Munster
30-3 Gollheim
31-3 Erbach
12-4 Tarberishofsheim
13-4 Bad Mergentheim
19-4 Rothenburg
22-4 Satteldorf
23-4 Satteldorf*
23-4 Satteldorf*
25-4 Aufhausen
26-4 Aislingen
28-4 Modishofen
30-4 Modishofen*
1-5 Starnberg
9-5 Starnberg*
9-5 St. Alban
17-5 Oberdielbach
21-5 Eberbach

UNIT II

28-3 Rumbach
29-3 Gollheim
2-4 Miltenberg
3-4 Wustenzell
15-4 Einersheim
16-4 Langenfeld
26-4 Dillingen
27-4 Wertingen
10-5 St. Alban
16-5 Oberdielbach
20-5 Eberbach

UNIT III

31-3 Gollheim
2-4 Erbach
6-4 Wustenzell
7-4 Wurzburg
18-4 Markbreit
21-4 Wolperthausen
24-4 Leinzell
2-5 Weilheim
3-5 Bad Tolz
6-5 Kufstein, Austria
11-5 St. Alban
21-5 Eberbach

* HOLDING UNITS

I Wonder

Everytime I dip my pen in ink
I wonder what the censor thinks.
Will the words I'm about to write
Keep the poor soul awake at night
Will he cry and will he weep,
Or will he laugh himself to sleep?

Raymond H. Allen

Sick Call

When I get to feeling ill,
I never go and get a pill;
Because I know from constant din
All I'll get is aspirin.

F. E. Tomlinson



Package From Home

There comes a time, 'bout once a year
When we exchange gifts to bring us cheer,
But this is the tale of a GI Joe
Whose gifts from home brought nothing but woe.

Monday:

Package for Joe, wonder what's in it?
Wait now, fellas, hold on a minute.
A package for me, I'm a lucky man . . .
Holy cats . . . a can of Spam!

Tuesday:

Package for Joe, here we go again.
Can't be cigarettes, feels like a can.
Wonder if it's soup . . . I like chowder . . .
Ogeegosh . . . a can of tooth powder!

Wednesday:

Package for Joe, don't you wish you were he?
Don't crowd around, give me room to see.
Package from home, everything's dandy.
Holy smokes . . . a mess of hard candy!

Thursday:

Package from home. What again?
Might be a wristwatch or maybe a pen.
Or it could even be something to smoke
Aw rats . . . a cake of soap!

Friday:

Package for Joe, makes five he's had.
Hope it cheers him up, he's awfully sad.
His girl said it would catch his eye.
It can't be . . . it is . . . a polka dot tie.

Saturday:

Package for Joe, here's where I came in.
Joe's in the guardhouse with a busted chin.
As they took him away I could hear him rave,
"Anyone want a book on how to be a WAVE?"

Raymond H. Allen



Lines Found Near A Submerged Field Hospital

Now is the season of rain and thunder,
When you go to bed above and wake up under;
And though you're rugged as a Turk or Saracen,
You wish to God you were back in garrison.
Churchill once mentioned tears, sweat, and blood,
But forgot the worst of the whole lot—mud.

Mud on privates (first class and bucks)
Mud on sergeants, jeeps, and trucks,
Mud on you and mud on me,
And on 2nd Lieutenants, M.A.C.
Insidious mud that sticks like glue,
Reminiscent of C ration stew,
Mud that's impossible to get off ye,
Mud that looks like GI coffee.

Generals all whoever you may be,
Bend an ear to this GI plea;
Listen and heed this hopeful refrain,
War postponed on account of rain.

John R. Bastian

Sicilian Saga

I thought I would never see
Another place like Sicily,
Where Mom and Pop and Junior, too
All smoke and drink and cuss and chew.
A land where grapes ain't picked to eat,
But squashed instead 'neath dirty feet.
A land where every bambino cries
For cigarettes and candy from GIs.
Where every town has narrow streets
And ox-carts try to crowd out jeeps.
Where every day a million flies,
Mosquitos, and gnats fill the skies.
Where roast beef and eggs are the only dish
'Cause their homemade spaghetti tastes like fish.
With Cognac and Vino the thing to drink
Sold at prices that make your paycheck shrink.
Where every other man has a brother in Brooklyn
Claims he's a barber and ruins your chin.
But I found a place like Sicily
The minute I landed in Italy.

Raymond H. Allen

73

ADDRESSES



Kufstein, Austria.

NAMES OF PERSONNEL AND LAST KNOWN ADDRESSES

Allan, Robert V., 215 Mandan St., Bismarck, North Dakota.
 Allegro, Santo, Rt. 2, Box 15, Independence, La.
 Allen, Jr., Raymond H., 1423 S. Nadeau Drive, Los Angeles.
 Asher, Carl (Dr.), 1638 W. Farwell, Apt. R2B, Chicago.
 Aspnes, G. S. (Dr.), 5820 Elliot Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Aubert, George J., Browning, Montana.
 Autry, Jr., George B., R. R., Hickory Flat, Mississippi.
 Bader, Carl A., Route 1, Palmer, Nebraska.
 Baldwin, Travis B., Route 2, Rochelle, Georgia.
 Barker, Raymond M., Box 22, Emory, Texas.
 Barnard, Joseph H. (Dr.), 162 Central Ave., Emsworth, Pennsylvania.
 Barnett, Hayes S., Route 1, Buffalo, South Carolina.
 Bastian, John R., 304 Crescent Drive, Mason City, Iowa.
 Baxter, Palma I., 1385 Roslyn Ave. S. W., Canton, Ohio.
 Beach, John J., c/o Seeley & Co., Inc., 635-637 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles.
 Behan, David, RFD, Bragg Street, Lima, New York.
 Benolken, Eugene J., 1675 Randolph Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.
 Bertalmio, Charles A., 4952 W. Erie Street, Chicago.
 Bibby, John C., Route 3, DeLeon, Texas.
 Biehn, Ralph (Dr.), 1133 North 29th Street, Billings, Montana.
 Bihlman, Paul G., 1435 Montana Ave. N. E., Washington, D. C.
 Blaha, Joseph C., Pocahontas, Iowa.
 Blazonczyk, John A., 1144-2nd Ave., New Kensington, Pennsylvania.
 Bohannon, Giles E., 241 E. Virginia Ave., Knoxville, Tennessee.
 Boland, Albert W., 7th Street-Sunset View, Washington, Missouri.
 Bolthouse, Claude E., R. R. No. 2, Oregon, Illinois.
 Bonham, Claude D. (Dr.), 1225 Colorado Boulevard, Denver 7, Colorado.
 Borsuk, Harry (Dr.), 86-39 Woodhaven Blvd., Woodhaven 21, New York.
 Boscovich, William, Montana Hotel, Anaconda, Montana.
 Boyd, William W., 153 Pine Crest, Rt. 2, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.
 Boyer, James F., 7720 Ramish Street, Bell Gardens, Calif.
 Boyer, William I., Sanitorium, California.
 Boylen, Ernest L., (Dr.), Stevens Building, Portland, Oregon.
 Burgoyne, Jr., John J., Rear 31 Lundberg Street, Lowell, Massachusetts.
 Burich, Fred T. (Dr.), 510 Morris Street, Albany, New York.
 Burke, Joseph P., 2424 Lombard Street, Philadelphia.
 Byrd, Theron J., Box 187, Dunn, North Carolina.
 Calvert, Howard W., Route 2, Delaware, Oklahoma.
 Cameron, M. Anne, 408 Jericho Road, Abington, Pennsylvania.
 Carter, Melvin V., 2501 Fairview Avenue, Cincinnati.

Castlen, Charles R. (Dr.), 1300 Loreto Drive, Glendale 7, Calif.
 Chapman, Robert L., 1950 East 76th Street, Los Angeles.
 Chowning, James M., Route 3, Stamping Ground, Kentucky.
 Chubb, Henry S., Box 789, Forrest City, Arkansas.
 Cohen, Edward, 694 School Street, Lowell, Massachusetts.
 Cole, William C., 1352 South 20th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.
 Collins, Dorothy R., Harlowton, Montana.
 Collins, Nathaniel N., 112 N. Main Street, E. Rochester, New York.
 Colucy, Frank J., 197 Madison St., Oneida, New York.
 Communi, Loretta, 133 Tyler Street, Trenton, N. J.
 Conrad, Cecil E., P. O. Box 310, Spencer, West Virginia.
 Cook, Cordelia E., (Mrs. H. L. Fillmore), City Bldg., Fort Thomas, Ky.
 Cook, Vincent L., Box 48, Mahanomen, Minnesota.
 Cooper, John L., Route 1, Oregonia, Ohio.
 Cox, Mary L., 1132 S. 3rd St., Louisville, Kentucky.
 Cunningham, Francis E., 3327 East 93rd St., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Curtis, George A. (Dr.), Salt Lake Clinic, 115 East on Temple, Salt Lake City.
 Czuchnowski, Jr., Joseph, 2255 Electric South, Detroit, Michigan.
 Davis, William L., 709 N. Woodland, Pittsburg, Kansas.
 Della Vedova, Rino, Albia, Iowa.
 DeLosier, Charles E., 1758 West 28th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Denbow, Willard C., 14017 Terrace Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
 DeSandre, Lewis, 2115 Lockport Road, Lockport, Illinois.
 Dillaman, Roy V., Smithfield, West Virginia.
 DiLorenzo, Paul F., 4036 Washington Street, Hollidays Cove, W. Virginia.
 Dion, Arthur J., 3239 Sherman Ave., Flint, Michigan.
 Doucet, Wallace F., Box 103, Cut Off, Louisiana.
 Doyle, Edward J., Second & Mill Street, Columbia, Pennsylvania.
 Duerr, Gerald A., Sykesville, Maryland.
 Duggan, Walter J., 26 Royal Street, Lowell, Massachusetts.
 Duke, Odis M., Route 1, Weogufka, Alabama.
 Dye, Dorothy, Morgantown, West Virginia.
 Edgell, Leon G., Looneyville, West Virginia.
 Edwards, William F., 6738 Greenview, Detroit 10, Michigan.
 Eggleston, Jr., David W., 2601 Webster, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
 Ellman, Sidney D. (Dr.), 230 Rugby Road, Brooklyn, New York.
 Enot, Wilma C. (Mrs. David Hughson), 9 Clapp Street, Milton 87, Mass.
 Enright, Robert B., 146 McAllister Street, Apt. 209, San Francisco 2.
 Evans, John, 238 So. Michigan Ave., Wellston, Ohio.
 Fish, John S. (Dr.), 2453 Overlook Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.
 Fletcher, Eugene A. Jr., 622 Georgia Ave., Bristol, Tennessee.

★ OPERATION SUCCESSFUL ★

- Forsman, Waldo W. (Dr.), 9436 Gravois, Affton, Missouri.
- Franken, Garrett J., 1912 Geneva Street, Sioux City, Iowa.
- Free, Ledger, 209 North 4th West, Provo, Utah.
- Freeland, James, Box 105, Phelps, Wisconsin.
- French, Nona M., 1503 Berry Blvd., Louisville, Kentucky.
- Friebele, Henry, 105 Hill Street, Dowagiac, Michigan.
- Frost, Herschel W., Versailles, Illinois.
- Gaab, Matt J., 622 E. Main, Mandan, North Dakota.
- Gajewski, Felix H., 2807 Chestnut Street, Toledo, Ohio.
- Galbraith, Howard W., 5282 Lennox, Detroit.
- Gale, John D., Sheldon Springs, Vermont.
- Galica, Joseph, 4440 So. Hermitage Ave., Chicago.
- Gannon, John M., 369 Lyon Street, Elmira, New York.
- Gardner, James E., Eau Claire, Michigan.
- Garner, Denzil, Box 214, Walsh, Colorado.
- Garrett, Robert A., 6753 South Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Gertz, William, 1524 S. Trumbull Ave., Chicago.
- Goit, John A., 1573 Woodbine Drive, Route 5, Pontiac, Michigan.
- Golner, Herman J., Route 1, Box 102, Sussex, Wisconsin.
- Goodenough, Cecil A., Route 1, Sheridan, Michigan.
- Graf, John R., 120 E. Diana Ave., Muskegon, Michigan.
- Granger, William E., 1861 Lanham Ct., San Pedro, California.
- Graves, Donald H., Route 2, Box 42, Hart, Michigan.
- Green, John W., 225 South Wall Street, Spokane, Washington.
- Haase, Virginia, (Mrs. MacClain), 1013 E. Wabash Ave., Crawfordsville, Ind.
- Haines, Carson, 21 South Limit, Colorado Springs, Colo., c/o Mrs. B. Pool.
- Hall, Emma Jean, (Mrs. Stephan V. Ralph), Stewartstown Rd., Rt. 4, Morgantown, West Virginia.
- Hallonquist, Laurent E. (Sgt.), Route 2, Winnsboro, Texas.
- Hannula, Alex J., Box 107, Bovey, Minnesota.
- Hansen, Ernst M., Tyler, Minnesota.
- Harrison, William L., Route 1, Box 35, Groveton, Texas.
- Hawkin, William P., 11 S. Second Street, Highland Park, Illinois.
- Henke, Ina E., 847 West 7th St., St. Paul, Minn.
- Hicks, Albert T., 1402 N. Michigan, Pittsburg, Kansas.
- Hill, John R. (Dr.), Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota.
- Hiller, Robert I. (Dr.), 3930 North Ridgfield Cr., Milwaukee 11, Wisc.
- Hogan, Will H., Route 5, Box 78, Bowling Green, Kentucky.
- Hoham, Robert O., 5139 Lovejoy Ave., Chicago.
- Holdren, Obed, Connelton, West Virginia.
- Hollingshead, Eathel P., Corner North & Liberty Sts., West Unity, Ohio.
- Houghton, Marjorie V. (Mrs. H. C. Crossman), Sherborn, Massachusetts.
- Houston, Robert M., 823 State Street, Pekin, Illinois.
- Hughes, Donald O., 181 Downington Ave., Salt Lake City 4, Utah.
- Hughes, Jr., Frank T., 72 Wells Street, Forty Fort, Pennsylvania.
- Iverson, Iver F., 7 Roosevelt Street, Hempstead, New York.
- Jacintho, Edna M., 48 Willow Street, New Bedford, Massachusetts.
- Jacobson, Ben I., 1708 Cass Street, Omaha, Neb.
- Jehn, Ernst J. C., (Rev.), 2402 Green Street, Racine, Wisconsin.
- Jenkins, Mary T. (Mrs. L. A. Daley), 7 South Tamaque St., McAdoo, Pa.
- Jensen, Duane G., 3100 East Front Street, Ashland, Wisconsin.
- Johnson, Albert W., Route 1, Cloud Chief, Oklahoma.
- Johnson, Alfred S., 22 East Courthouse Street, Cuero, Texas.
- Johnson, Gustav J., 313 Walsh Court, Brooklyn 30, New York.
- Johnson, William F., Route 2, Box 188, Kent, Washington.
- Jones, Dwight R., c/o C. B. Trefz Funeral Home, Peebles, Ohio.
- Jones, George B., Route 5, Greenville, North Carolina.
- Kaelin, Alvin, 2320 Cedar Street, Louisville, Kentucky.
- Kanoff, Richard E., Box 295, 182 W. Main Street, Goshen, New York.
- Kates, Loyd, General Delivery, Holtville, California.
- Kazia, Frank, 535 West 50th Street, New York City.
- Kearney, Cornelius E., 318 Soper Street, Elmira, New York.
- Kerchner, Donald L., R. D. No. 3, Spring Grove, Pennsylvania.
- King, Merle L., 531 Grant Street, Franklin, Pa., c/o Mrs. Arietta Roberts.
- Kiper, Dennis, 308 Pear St., Shenandoah, Iowa.
- Koch, David, 5856 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.
- Kopischke, Edward G., Morgan, Minnesota.
- Kopp, Isreal (Dr.), 102 Elm Hill Ave., Roxbury, Massachusetts.
- Koschnitzke, Herman K. (Dr.), 221 North Sixth St., LaCrosse, Wisconsin.
- Kuhner, John E., 365 Avery Street, Rochester, New York.
- Kuznik, Florence E., 266 South 8th St., Jeannette, Pennsylvania.
- Lange, J. Harry (Dr.), 104 Ponce de Leon, Atlanta, Georgia.
- Levine, Joseph, 337 Lincoln Street, Johnstown, Pennsylvania.
- Levitt, Leon M. (Dr.), 750 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, New York.
- Lewis, Charles F., Route 1, Kerr, North Carolina.
- Lisboa, Vasco B., 30 Pond Ave., Newport, Rhode Island.
- Livezey, John E., Dodge City, Kansas.
- Luciano, Peter M., 123 Mozart Street, East Rutherford, New Jersey.
- Lukasavi, Victor, 657 Montgomery St., Manchester, New Hampshire.
- Luketina, Francis P., 1240 No. 4th St., Philadelphia.
- Lund, Robert R., Erskine, Minnesota.
- Lundgren, Stanley R., 14609 S. Des Plaines Ave., Harvey, Illinois.
- Mackinnon, Guarry D., 9 Magazine Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
- Mano, Manuel, 1781 Fremont St., Santa Clara, California.

Marshall, Edward F., Box 25, Heath Springs, South Carolina.
 Mathews, LeMar, Burr Oak, Michigan.
 Matson, LeRoy W., 10 South Walnut Street, Colorado Springs, Colo.
 McCumber, Leon O., 502 W. Hudson Street, Elmira, New York.
 McDaniel, Hollis E., 1445 N. E. 11th Street, Oklahoma City, Okla.
 McDonald, Harold J., Gen. Del., Segovia, Texas.
 McGivern, Phyllis, 17 Huffman Ave., Dayton 3, Ohio.
 McQuire, Ivan (Dr.), 1760 Van Dyke, Detroit.
 Melve, Leonard A., Whalen, Minnesota.
 Meyers, Maurice, 927 No. Oakley Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.
 Miller, Clarence D., Gen. Del., Parsons, Tennessee.
 Miller, Lee, 4559 Mercier, Kansas City, Kansas.
 Miller, Kathleen, (Mrs. S. W. Beda), 1321-17th St., Portsmouth, Ohio.
 Moleta, Vincent, 435 East 79th St., New York City.
 Molnar, Stephan K. (Dr.), 17010 Fireman Ave., Detroit.
 Monaco, Frank J., 5216 Miami St., St. Louis, Missouri.
 Montague, Lloyd R., Harvey Hall, 9703 Lamont Ave., Cleveland.
 Moor, James R., 3412 Judson St., Philadelphia 40.
 Moore, Charles L., Box 49, Blissfield, Ohio.
 Moretz, John, Tree Top, North Carolina.
 Murcer, Lavon C., 423 S. E. 48th, Oklahoma City, Okla.
 Neel, Virgie G., Bland, Virginia.
 Nyberg, Clifford W., Cokato, Minnesota.
 O'Connell, Daniel J., 286 Plain Street, Rockland, Massachusetts.
 Olson, Andrew T., KILLED IN ACTION.
 O'Mara, George J., 2678 Briggs Ave., New York City.
 Paine, Charles J., 1425 N. Water, Decatur, Illinois.
 Palazzolo, Charles, 1233 North 4th St., Springfield, Illinois.
 Parker, Cecil, Route 1, Mt. Enterprise, Texas.
 Parrish, Samuel E., Route 1, Durham, North Carolina.
 Patterson, James N., 3423-41st St., Sacramento, California.
 Pavlik, Louis, 4420 South Clinton Ave., Berwyn, Ill.
 Pavlovsky, Francis (Dr.), 224 State St., Perth Amboy, New Jersey.
 Perkins, Freddie E., Washington, Kansas.
 Perry, Hallis H., 16 Tibbitts Ave., Bradford, Pennsylvania.
 Peters, George W. Jr., 2174-13th St. S. W., Akron 14, Ohio.
 Pickett, Lowell A., Route 5, Box 401, Little Rock, Arkansas.
 Pierce, Arthur E., Route 1, Vichy, Missouri.
 Pohlman, Ernst W., 1320 E. Second St., Box 256, Washington, Missouri.
 Postlewait, Thomas A., Route 1, Garrison, Pennsylvania.
 Powers, Theresa M., Lt., N728746, Wakeman General Hospital, Camp Atterbury, Indiana.
 Prall, Richard E., 216 1/2 S. Light St., Springfield, Ohio.
 Price, Russell (Capt.), 58 Stevens Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
 Prorok, Joseph, 1957 W. Superior St., Chicago.
 Purlee, Clarence N., Lawndale, Illinois.

Pustelnik, William J., 107 East First St., Flint, Michigan.
 Rafalski, Peter S., 422 Packer St., Avoca, Pennsylvania.
 Ragland, Carroll R., Route 2, DeLeon, Texas.
 Ramey, Clifford E., Route 2, Hesperia, Michigan.
 Rasmussen, Leland C., 124 North 3rd St., Sterling, Colorado.
 Ranson, Stephan W. (Dr.), 6001 Winthrop Ave., Chicago.
 Reed, James I., Cullendale, Arkansas.
 Reep, Arvid N., Box 646, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.
 Reese, Cecil M., 2213 White Ave., Knoxville, Tennessee.
 Renaud, Carrol G., Route 1, Sully, Iowa.
 Rice, Leo T., 1148 Fremont St., Galesburg, Illinois.
 Rigney, Milborn, W. Main St., Glasgow, Kentucky.
 Robinett, Earl, Boxelder, Texas.
 Roderick, Collins G., 117 East Wilson, Madison, Wisconsin.
 Roe, Lee W., Jr., 16 South Ann St., Mobile, Alabama.
 Ross, John W., Alvord, Texas.
 Rubel, David M., Bearden, Arkansas.
 Rubin, Stanley J., 5234 Ingleside Ave., Chicago.
 Rudee, Lynn M. (Dr.), 450 Sutter St., San Francisco.
 Russell, Alexander F. (Dr.), 316 Doctor's Bldg., Nashville, Tennessee.
 Russell, Herman P., Route 2, Appleby, Texas.
 Sanders, Irvin L., c/o Burt van Raychel, Sheldon, Iowa.
 Sanders, Orville A., 301 East Cook St., New London, Wisconsin.
 Scheve, John M., 115 So. Walnut, Emporia, Kansas.
 Scheid, Kathryn, Mrs., 306 Commerce St., Lewisburg, Ohio.
 Schmid, David B., Cissna Park, Illinois.
 Schmitt, Henry, New Oregon Road, Eden, New York.
 Schnur, Edwin M., 4252 College, St. Louis, Missouri.
 Schongalla, Jr., William., R.F.D. No. 1, Ridgebury Rd., Danbury, Conn.
 Seevers, Geneva M. (Mrs. S. S. Edmiston), 2520 5th Ave., Altoona, Pa.
 Segler, Calvin A., Route 1, Box 17, Oklaunion, Texas.
 Semites, Albert M., 4420 So. California Ave., Chicago 32.
 Shanks, Sterling B., Kirven, Texas.
 Shelley, Monroe, 1330 Marietta St. N. W., Atlanta 2, Georgia.
 Shemwell, Marvin C., Route 1, Sharon Grove, Kentucky.
 Sherbowski, David, 1651 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York.
 Sherman, Angus L., Route 1, Clopton, Alabama.
 Short, Hubert L., Littrell, Kentucky.
 Shuda, Enoch L., 403 W. Maple St., Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania.
 Simmons, Mae B. (Mrs. Hartford Hardin), 208 Chestnut St., Camden, Ark.
 Skalos, Pauline M., 351 Seventh Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Skarweski, Gaylord A., 15 No. Franklin St., Janesville, Wisconsin.
 Slanina, August, 131 Gilbert Ave., Niles, Ohio.
 Slay, Hugh D., Route 1, Elberton, Georgia.
 Smith, Emmet C., Route 1, Ladonia, Texas.
 Smith, Evelyn A., Turner, Michigan.

Solesbee, Willie, Route 3, Greenwood, Arkansas.
 Stenson, Theodore H., 4380 Lenox, Detroit.
 Stephan, L. B. (Dr.), 1326-2nd St., Lorain, Ohio.
 Stevens, William W., Corydon, Indiana.
 Stromberg, Maynard O., 2735 No. 27th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
 Stupak, Margaret, 1819 West 45th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Swartz, Jr., Noah J., 1024 Harzell St., New Haven, Indiana.
 Switzer, Reba F., 6402 Roe, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Sydel, Margaret W., 2830 Maxwell Ave., Oakland, California.
 Tack, Paul H., Route 5, Bemidji, Minnesota.
 Tann, Juanita E. (Mrs. McQuire), 3903 Hoiles Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.
 Tashjian, Edward A., Box 143, Carolina, R. I.
 Tavanese, Anthony J., 20 Mystic Road, W. Medford, Massachusetts.
 Taylor, Raymond L., Box 523, Travers, California.
 Thompson, Leonard B. (Dr.), 346 Elm St., Gardner, Massachusetts.
 Tilson, Lattie E., Route 2, Box 155, Erwin, Tennessee.
 Tomlinson, F. Edward, 1310 North Avenue, Elizabeth, New Jersey.
 Tompkins, Hollis L., 2273 Second Street, LaVerne, California.
 Trampe, Howard H., Metropolis, Illinois.
 Trimm, Thomas M., 4215 Blythe St., Cleveland, Tennessee.
 Uttley, Fred L., 3733 Kossuth Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.
 Valentine, Earl T., 3358 Englewood St., Philadelphia.
 Varjabedian, Haigas J., 170 Woodpine St., Pawtucket, R. I.

Vaughn, Butler D., Route 2, Danielsville, Georgia.
 Vaughn, Thomas E., Route 2, Cumberland City, Tennessee.
 Vemmer, Wesley C., New Haven, Missouri.
 Walker, Lowell S. Jr., (Dr.), Middlebury, Vermont, Box 109.
 Wall, Frank E., Apt. D, 615 Pine Crest Circle, Marietta, Georgia.
 Wallace, Calvin C., Ainsworth, Nebraska.
 Webb, Williams S., 799 Steward, Reno, Nevada.
 Weeks, Robert R., Route 1, Hartford, Alabama.
 Weibel, Theodore W., Route 1, Tabor, South Dakota.
 Welch, Ira J., Box 294, Bandera, Texas.
 West, Perry L., Box 853, Plains, Georgia.
 Westmoreland, Henry S., Route 1, Pisgan, Alabama.
 Wilkinson, H. E. (Dr.), 335 Columbian Ave., Columbus 4, Ohio.
 Wimpee, Thomas J., Route 1, Mitchellville, Tennessee.
 Winchester, Donald L., 410 8th St. S. W., LeMars, Iowa.
 Woodward, Winfield S., 220 E. Peachtree St., Rossville, Georgia.
 Woody, Norman C. (Dr.), 836 Henry Clay Ave., New Orleans, La.
 Wrigley, Nellie, 99 Arthur Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts.
 Yackobovicz, Joseph, 417 West Taylor St., Taylor, Pennsylvania.
 Yarsaw, Joseph S., 7547 W. 61st Street, Argo, Illinois.
 Zendler, Harold H., 105 Lahoma St., Lansing, Michigan.
 Ziegler, Catherine E. (R. J. Hoffman), 2457 Dixie Highway & Requorat Dr., South Fort Mitchell, Kentucky.

NAMES OF PERSONNEL ADDRESSES UNKNOWN

Auten, Hanford L. (Dr.)
 Barron, Jr., Robert M.
 Blondet, James D.
 Bump, Floyd F.
 Carithers, Jack
 Carnathan, George O.
 Clark, Russell B.
 Eriecu, Israel
 Ethridge, Ernest M.
 Gherardi, Silveo

Edelman, Raymond
 Hanson, Neil O.
 Harris, Edward R.
 Harrison, Rex
 Haugen, Berten H.
 Hoffman, George N.
 Inskeep, John L.
 Johnson, Benjamin F.
 Kane, William A.
 Kies, Roy O.

Lohr, Robert M.
 Maloney, Thomas F.
 McGowan, Raymond J.
 Mederios, Antone M.
 Michael, Lloyd F.
 Moran, William H.
 Mustola, Aldavin
 Ogle, Lowell
 Reel, Hillery
 Reinichen, Frank A.

Rzany, Joseph J.
 Schiller, Leroy E. (Dr.)
 Schwartz, Jack
 Seltice, Herman A.
 Simon, Paul A.
 Soukup, Emil R.
 Still, Douglas
 Thompson, R. L.
 Tibbet, Cecil F.
 Wolff, James A. (Dr.)

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We received many honors from the War Department, Armies, Corps and Divisions. One of our greatest honors was given to us indirectly when the invasion of Southern France was being planned. The three old divisions, the 3rd, 36th and 45th, were to spearhead the attack and asked specifically for the 11th to follow them in. But no honor ever gave us a more satisfying feeling than to have a patient live to go out the front door of our hospital to be evacuated to the rear.

The only feeling that came close to it was to have an infantry man pat you on the back and say, "Stick around Medic, we'll be needing you."

